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THE
I L I A D
OF
H O M E R.

Translated by
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

—— Det primos versibus annos,
Mæoniumque bibat fœlici pectore fontem.
P E T R.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

L O N D O N,

Printed by Charles Rivington,

For T. OSBORNE, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, JOHN RIVINGTON,
R. BALDWIN, W. JOHNSTON, J. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER,
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S. BROOKS, S. BAKER, and T. PAYNE.

M.DCC.LX.

4

W. Musgrave.





THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.



THE ARGUMENT.

The second battle, and the distress of the Greeks.

JUPITER assembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle; Jupiter on mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reembarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the Poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.



THE
* EIGHTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When *Jove* conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high *Olympus*' cloudy tops arise.

* *Homer*, like most of the *Greeks*, is thought to have travelled into *Ægypt*, and brought from the priests there, not only their learning, but their manner of conveying it in fables and hieroglyphicks: This is necessary to be considered by those who would thoroughly penetrate into the beauty and design of many parts of this author: for whoever reflects that this was the mode of learning in those times, will make no doubt but there are several mysteries both of natural and moral philosophy involved in his fictions, which otherwise in the

6 HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK VIII.

The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke, 5
The heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke.

Celestial states, immortal Gods ! give ear,
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear ;
The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move ;
Thou Fate ! fulfil it ; and, ye pow'rs ! approve !
What God but enters yon' forbidden field, 11
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield ;
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n :
Or far, oh far from steep *Olympus* thrown, 15
Low in the dark *Tartarean* gulf shall groan,

literal meaning appear too trivial or irrational ; and it is but just, when these are not plain or immediately intelligible, to imagine that something of this kind may be hid under them. Nevertheless, as *Homer* travelled not with a direct view of writing philosophy or theology, so he might often use these hieroglyphical fables and traditions as embellishments of his poetry only, without taking the pains to open their mystical meaning to his readers, and perhaps without diving very deeply into it himself.

§. 16. *Low in the dark Tartarean gulf, &c.*] This opinion of *Tartarus*, the place of torture for the impious after death, might be taken from the *Egyptians* : for it seems not improbable, as some writers have observed, that some tradition might then be spread in the Eastern parts of the world, of the fall of the angels, the punishment of the damned, and other sacred truths, which were afterwards more fully explained and taught by the Prophets and Apostles. These *Homer* seems to allude to in

BOOK VIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 7

With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;
 As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to th' ethereal world. 20
 Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes ;
 And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
 League all your forces then, ye pow'rs above,
 Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove :
 Let down our golden everlasting chain, 25
 Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth,
 and main :

this and other passages ; as where *Vulcan* is said to be precipitated from heaven in the first book, where *Jupiter* threatens *Mars* with *Tartarus* in the fifth, and where the *Dæmon* of *Discord* is cast out of heaven in the nineteenth. *Virgil* has translated a part of these lines in the sixth *Æneid* :

“ — — — Tum Tartarus ipse
 “ Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras,
 “ Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.”

And *Milton* in his first book,

As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

It may not be unpleasing just to observe the gradation in these three great Poets, as if they had vied with each other, in extending this idea of the depth of hell. *Homier* says as far, *Virgil* twice as far, *Milton* thrice.

ŷ. 25. *Let down our golden everlasting chain.*] The various opinions of the ancients concerning this passage are collected by

8 HOMER'S I L I A D. BOOK VIII.

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to earth:

Eustathius. Jupiter says, If he holds this chain of gold, the force of all the Gods is unable to draw him down, but he can draw up them, the seas, and the earth, and cause the whole universe to hang unactive. Some think that Jupiter signifies the Æther, the golden chain the Sun: if the Æther did not temper the rays of the sun as they pass through it, his beams would not only drink up and exhale the Ocean in vapours, but also exhale the moisture from the veins of the earth, which is the cement that holds it together: by which means the whole creation would become unactive, and all its powers suspended.

Others affirm, that by this golden chain may be meant the days of the world's duration, *ἡμέρας αἰῶνος*, which are as it were painted by the lustre of the sun, and follow one another in a successive chain till they arrive at their final period: while Jupiter or the Æther (which the ancients called the soul of all things) still remains unchanged.

Plato in his *Theætetus* says, that by this golden chain is meant the sun, whose rays enliven all nature, and cement the parts of the universe.

The *Stoicks* will have it, that by Jupiter is implied destiny, which over-rules every thing both upon and above the earth.

Others (delighted with their own conceits) imagine that Homer intended to represent the excellence of monarchy; that the sceptre ought to be swayed by one hand, and that all the wheels of government should be put in motion by one person.

But I fancy a much better interpretation may be found for this, if we allow (as there is great reason to believe) that the Egyptians understood the true system of the world, and that Pythagoras first learned it from them. They held that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitation upon the sun, which was therefore called *Jovis carcer*; and sometimes by the sun (as *Macrobius* informs us) is meant Jupiter himself: we see too, that the most prevailing opinion of antiquity fixes it

Ye strive in vain ! If I but stretch this hand,
 I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land ; 30
 I fix the chain to great *Olympus*' height,
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight !
 For such I reign, unbounded and above ;
 And such are Men, and Gods, compar'd to *Jove*.

Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the pow'rs reply,
 A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky ; 36
 Trembling they stood before their sovereign's look ;
 At length his best-belov'd, the pow'r of *Wisdom*,
 spoke.

to the *sun* ; so that I think it will be no strained interpretation to say, that by the inability of the Gods to pull *Jupiter* out of his place with this *Catena*, may be understood the superiour attractive force of the sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the rest of the planets toward him.

†. 35. *Th' Almighty spoke.*] *Homer* in this whole passage plainly shews his belief of one supreme, omnipotent God, whom he introduces with a majesty and superiourity worthy the great ruler of the universe. Accordingly *Justin Martyr* cites it as a proof of our Author's attributing the power and government of all things to one first God, whose divinity is so far superiour to all other Deities, that if compared to him, they may be ranked among mortals. *Admon. ad Gentes*. Upon this account, and with the authority of that learned father, I have ventured to apply to *Jupiter*, in this place, such appellatives as are suitable to the supreme Deity : a practice I would be cautious of using in many other passages, where the notions and descriptions of our Author must be owned to be unworthy of the divinity.

Oh first and greatest! God, by Gods ador'd!
 We own thy might, our father and our Lord! 40
 But ah! permit to pity human state:
 If not to help, at least lament their fate.
 From fields forbidden we submit refrain,
 With arms unaiding mourn our *Argives* slain;
 Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,
 Or all must perish in the wrath of *Jove*. 46

The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,
 And smil'd superiour on his best-belov'd.
 Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;
 The steadfast firmament beneath them shook: 50
 Rapt by th' æthereal steeds the chariot roll'd;
 Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
 Of heav'n's undrossy gold the God's array
 Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.

§. 39. *Oh first and greatest! &c.*] *Homer* is not only to be admired for keeping up the characters of his Heroes, but for adapting his speeches to the characters of his Gods. Had *Juno* here given the reply, she would have begun with some mark of resentment, but *Pallas* is all submission; *Juno* would probably have contradicted him, but *Pallas* only begs leave to be sorry for those whom she must not assist; *Juno* would have spoken with the prerogative of a wife, but *Pallas* makes her address with the obsequiousness of a prudent daughter. *Eustathius*:

High on the throne he shines : his coursers fly 55
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.

But when to *Ida's* topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
Where o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd : 60

There, from his radiant car, the sacred Sire
Of Gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire :

Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd ;

High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd ;

Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,

The town, and tents, and navigable seas. 66

Now had the *Grecians* snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.

Troy rous'd as soon ; for on this dreadful day

The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay. 70

†. 69. *For on this dreadful day The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.*] It may be necessary to explain, why the *Trojans* thought themselves obliged to fight in order to defend their wives and children. One would think they might have kept within their walls ; the *Grecians* made no attempt to batter them, neither were they invested ; and the country was open on all sides except towards the sea, to give them provisions. The most natural thought is, that they and their auxiliaries being very numerous, could not subsist but from a

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train ;
 Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain :
 Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling
 ground ;

The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
 And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,
 To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd, 76
 Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
 Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise ; 80

large country about them : and perhaps not without the sea, and the rivers, where the *Greeks* encamped : that in time the *Greeks* would have surrounded them, and blocked up every avenue to their town : that they thought themselves obliged to defend the country with all the inhabitants of it, and that indeed at first this was rather a war between two nations, and became not properly a siege till afterwards.

§. 71. *The gates unfolding, &c.*] There is a wonderful sublimity in these lines ; one sees in the description the gates of a warlike city thrown open, and an army pouring forth ; and hears the trampling of men and horses rushing to the battle.

These verses are, as *Eustathius* observes, only a repetition of a former passage ; which shews that the Poet was particularly pleas'd with them, and that he was not ashamed of a repetition, when he could not express the same image more happily than he had already done.

With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
 Long as the morning beams encreasing bright,
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light;
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds, 85
 Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
 But when the Sun the height of heav'n ascends;
 The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends,

‡. 84. *The sacred light.*] Homer describing the advance of the day from morning till noon, calls it ἱερὸν, or sacred, says *Eustathius*, who gives this reason for it, because that part of the day was allotted to sacrifice and religious worship.

‡. 88. *The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends.*] This figure representing God as weighing the destinies of men in his balances, was first made use of in holy writ. In the book of *Job*, which is acknowledged to be one of the most ancient of the scriptures, he prays to be weighed in an even balance, that God may know his integrity. *Daniel* declares from God to *Belshazzar*, thou art weighed in the balances, and found light. And *Proverbs*, ch. xvi. ‡. 11. *A just weight and balance are the Lord's.* Our Author has it again in the twenty-second *Iliad*, and it appeared so beautiful to succeeding Poets, that *Æschylus* (as we are told by *Plutarch de aud. Poetis*) writ a whole tragedy upon this foundation, which he called *Psychostasia*, or the weighing of souls. In this he introduced *Thetis* and *Aurora* standing on either side of *Jupiter's* scales, and praying each for her son, while the heroes fought:

Καὶ τότε δὴ χρῖσμα πατρὸς ἵκνται τάλαντα,

Ἐν δ' ἐρίθει δὺς κῆρ ταμπλεγίος θανάτου,

Ἐλκε δὲ μίσσα λαβὼν ἔπει δ' αἰσιμον ἡμᾶς ἀχαιῶν.

With equal hand: in these explor'd the fate 89
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.

It has been copied by *Virgil* in the last *Æneid*:

“ Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances

“ Sustinet, & fata imponit diversa duorum :

“ Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum.”

I cannot agree with *Madam Dacier* that these verses are inferior to *Homer's*; but *Macrobius* observes with some colour, that the application of them is not so just as in our author; for *Virgil* had made *Juno* say before, that *Turnus* would certainly perish :

“ Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere fati,

“ Parcarumque dies & vis inimica propinquat.”

So that there was less reason for weighing his fate with that of *Aeneas* after that declaration. *Scaliger* trifles miserably, when he says *Juno* might have learned this from the fates, though *Jupiter* did not know it, before he consulted them by weighing the scales. But *Macrobius's* excuse in behalf of *Virgil* is much better worth regard: I shall transcribe it entire, as it is perhaps the finest period in all that author. *Hæc & alia ignoscenda Virgilio, qui studii circa Homerum nimietate excedit modum. Et revera non poterat non in aliquibus minor videri, qui per omnem poësem suam hoc uno est præcipue usus archetypo. Acriter enim in Homerum oculos intendit, ut æmularetur ejus non modo magnitudinem sed & simplicitatem, & præsentiam orationis, & tacitam majestatem. Hinc diversarum inter heroas suas personarum varia magnificatio, hinc Deorum interpositio, hinc auctoritas fabulosa, hinc affectuum naturalium expressio, hinc monumentorum persecutio, hinc parabolarum exaggeratio, hinc torrentis orationis sonitus, hinc rerum singularum cum splendore fastigium. Sat. l. v. c. 13.*

As to the ascent or descent of the scales, *Eustathius* explains it in this manner. The descent of the scale toward earth signifies unhappiness and death, the earth being the place of mis-

Press'd with its load, the *Grecian* balance lies
 Low sunk on earth, the *Trojan* strikes the skies.
 Then *Jove* from *Ida's* top his horrors spreads;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the *Grecian* heads;

fortune and mortality; the mounting of it signifies prosperity and life, the superiour regions being the seats of felicity and immortality.

Milton has admirably improved upon this fine fiction, and with an alteration agreeable to a Christian Poet. He feigns that the Almighty weighed *Satan* in such scales, but judiciously makes this difference, that the mounting of his scale denoted ill success; whereas the same circumstance in *Homer* points the victory. His reason was, because *Satan* was immortal, and therefore the sinking of his scale could not signify death, but the mounting of it did his *lightness*, conformable to the expression we just now cited from *Daniel*:

Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
 Between *Astraea* and the *Scorpion* sign:
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,
 In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
 Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
 The sequel each of parting and of fight:
 The latter quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam.

I believe upon the whole this may with justice be preferred both to *Homer's* and *Virgil's*, on account of the beautiful allusion to the sign of *Libra* in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the creation, and all the events of it since; so correspondent at once to philosophy, and to the style of the scriptures.

¶ 93. *Then Jove from Ida's top, &c.*] This distress of the *Greeks* being supposed, *Jupiter's* presence was absolutely ne-

Thick light'nings flash; the mutt'ring thunder
rolls; 95

Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.

cessary to bring them into it: for the inferiour Gods that were friendly to *Greece* were rather more in number and superiour in force to those that favoured *Troy*; and the Poet had shewed before, when both armies were left to themselves, that the *Greeks* could overcome the *Trojans*; besides, it would have been an indelible reflection upon his countrymen to have been vanquished by a smaller number. Therefore nothing less than the immediate interposition of *Jupiter* was requisite, which shews the wonderful address of the Poet in his machinery. *Virgil* makes *Turnus* say in the last *Æneid*,

“ — — Dii me terrent & Jupiter hostis.”

And indeed this defeat of the *Greeks* seems more to their glory than all their victories, since even *Jupiter*'s omnipotence could with difficulty effect it.

§. 95. *Thick light'nings flash.*] This notion of *Jupiter*'s declaring against the *Greeks* by thunder and lightening, is drawn (says *Dacier*) from truth itself: 1 Sam. ch. vii. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt-offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them, and they were smitten before Israel. To which may be added, that in the eighteenth Psalm: The Lord thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them; he shot out lightnings and discomfited them.

Upon occasion of the various successes given by *Jupiter*, now to *Grecians*, now to *Trojans*, whom he suffers to perish interchangeably; some have fancied this supposition injurious to the nature of the Sovereign Being, as representing him variable or inconstant in his rewards and punishments. It may be answered, that as God makes use of some people to

Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
The God in terrours, and the skies on fire.

chastise others, and none are totally void of crimes, he often decrees to punish those very persons for lesser sins, whom he makes his instruments to punish others for greater: so purging them from their own iniquities, before they become worthy to be chastisers of other men's. This is the case of the *Greeks* here, whom *Jupiter* permits to suffer many ways, though he had destined them to revenge the rape of *Helen* upon *Troy*. There is a history in the Bible just of this nature. In the twentieth chapter of *Judges*, the *Israelites* are commanded to make war against the tribe of *Benjamin*, to punish a rape on the wife of a *Levite*, committed in the city of *Gibeah*: when they have laid siege to the place, the *Benjamites* sally upon them with so much vigour, that a great number of the besiegers are destroyed: they are astonished at these defeats, as having undertaken the siege in obedience to the command of God: but they are still ordered to persist; till at length they burn the city, and almost extinguish the race of *Benjamin*. There are many instances in scripture, where heaven is represented to change its decrees according to the repentance or relapses of men: *Hezekias* is ordered to prepare for death, and afterwards fifteen years are added to his life. It is foretold to *Ahab*, that he should perish miserably, and then upon his humiliation God defers the punishment till the reign of his successor, &c.

I must confess, that in comparing passages of the sacred books with our Author, one ought to use a great deal of caution and respect. If there are some places in scripture that in compliance to human understanding represent the Deity as acting by motives like those of men; there are infinitely more that shew him as he is, all perfection, justice, and beneficence; whereas in *Homer* the general tenour of the poem represents *Jupiter* as a Being subject to passion, inequality, and imperfection. I think *M. Dacier* has carried these com-

Nor great *Idomeneus* that fight could bear,
 Nor each stern *Ajax*, thunderbolts of war: 100
 Nor he, the King of Men, th' alarm sustain'd;
Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
 Unwilling he remain'd, for *Paris'* dart
 Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part; 104
 Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain:
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
 Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed, 110
 When dreadful *Hector*, thund'ring thro' the war,
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand
 The hoary monarch of the *Pylian* band,
 But *Diomed* beheld; from forth the croud 115
 He rush'd, and on *Ulysses* call'd aloud.

parisons too far, and is too zealous to defend him upon every occasion in the points of theology and doctrine.

§. 115. *But Diomed beheld.*] The whole following story of *Nestor* and *Diomed* is admirably contrived to raise the character of the latter. He maintains his intrepidity, and ventures singly to bring off the old hero, notwithstanding the

Whither, oh whither does *Ulysses* run?
 Oh flight unworthy great *Laërtes*' son!
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
 Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound? 120
 Oh turn and save from *Hector*'s direful rage
 The glory of the *Greeks*, the *Pylvian* sage.

general consternation. The art of *Homer* will appear wonderful to any one who considers all the circumstances of this part, and by what degrees he reconciles this flight of *Diomed* to that undaunted character. The thunderbolt falls just before him; that is not enough; *Nestor* advises him to submit to heaven; this does not prevail, he cannot bear the thoughts of flight: *Nestor* drives back the chariot without his consent; he is again inclined to go on, till *Jupiter* again declares against him: These two heroes are very artfully placed together, because none but a person of *Nestor*'s authority and wisdom could have prevailed upon *Diomed* to retreat: a younger warrior could not so well in honour have given him such counsel, and from no other would he have taken it. To cause *Diomed* to fly, required both the counsel of *Nestor*, and the thunder of *Jupiter*.

γ. 121. *Oh turn and save, &c.*] There is a decorum in making *Diomed* call *Ulysses* to the assistance of his brother sage; for who better knew the importance of *Nestor* than *Ulysses*? But the question is, whether *Ulysses* did not drop *Nestor*, as one great minister would do another, and fancied he should be the wise man when the other was gone? *Eustathius* indeed is of opinion that *Homer* meant not to cast any aspersions on *Ulysses*, nor would have given him so many noble appellations, when in the same breath he reflected upon his courage. But perhaps the contrary opinion may be ill grounded, if we observe the manner of *Homer*'s expression. *Diomed* called *Ulysses*, but *Ulysses* was deaf, he did not hear; and whereas the

His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,

Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.

But bold *Tydidēs* to the rescue goes, 125

A single warrior 'midst a host of foes ;

Before the coursers with a sudden spring

He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the King.

Great perils, father ! wait th' unequal fight ;
These younger champions will oppress thy might.

Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow, 131

Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.

Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car

Observe the steeds of *Tros*, renown'd in war,

Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 135

To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race :

These late obey'd *Æneas*' guiding rein ;

Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train :

With these against yon' *Trojans* will we go,

Nor shall great *Hector* want an equal foe ; 140

Poet says of the rest, that they had not the hardness to stay, *Ulysses* is not only said to fly, but *ωαριζέσθαι*, to make violent haste towards the navy. *Ovid* at least understood it thus, for he puts an objection in *Ajax*'s mouth, *Metam.* xiii. drawn from this passage, which would have been improper, had not *Ulysses* made more speed than he ought ; since *Ajax* on the same occasion retreated as well as he.

Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirsty fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief ; and *Nestor*, skill'd in war,
Approves his counsel, and ascends the car :

The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold ; 145
Eurymedon, and *Sthenelus* the bold :

The rev'rend charioteer directs the course,
And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.

Hector they face ; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on ; *Tydidēs* whirl'd his spear. 150

The spear with erring haste mistook its way,
But plung'd in *Eniopeus*' bosom lay.

His opening hand in death forsakes the rein ;
The steeds fly back : he falls, and spurns the
plain.

Great *Hector* sorrows for his servant kill'd, 155
Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field ;

§. 142. *The thirsty fury of my flying spear.*] *Homer* has figures of that boldness which it is impossible to preserve in another language. The words in the original are *δόρυ μέγιστον*, *Hector shall see if my spear is mad in my hands*. The translation pretends only to have taken some shadow of this, in animating the spear, giving it *fury*, and strengthening the figure with the epithet *thirsty*.

'Till to supply his place and rule the car,
 Rose *Archeptolemus*, the fierce in war.
 And now had death and horror cover'd all;
 Like tim'rous flocks the *Trojans* in their wall 160
 Inclos'd had bled: but *Jove* with awful sound
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:
 Full in *Tydidēs*' face the light'ning flew;
 The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue;

§. 159. *And now had death, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes how wonderfully *Homer* still advances the character of *Diomed*: when all the leaders of *Greece* were retreated, the Poet says that had not *Jupiter* interposed, *Diomed* alone had driven the whole army of *Troy* to their walls, and with his single hand have vanquished an army.

§. 164. *The ground before him flam'd.*] Here is a battle described with so much fire, that the warmest imagination of an able painter cannot add a circumstance to heighten the surprise or horror of the picture. Here is what they call the *Fracas*, or hurry and tumult of the action in the utmost strength of colouring, upon the foreground; and the *repose* or *solemnity* at a distance, with great propriety and judgment. First, in the *Eloignement*, we behold *Jupiter* in golden armour, surrounded with glory, upon the summit of mount *Ida*; his chariot and horses by him, wrapt in dark clouds. In the next place below the horizon, appear the clouds rolling and opening, through which the lightening flashes in the face of the *Greeks*, who are flying on all sides; *Agamemnon* and the rest of the commanders in the rear, in postures of astonishment. Towards the middle of the piece, we see *Nestor* in the utmost distress, one of his horses having a deadly wound in the forehead with a dart, which makes him rear and writhe,

The quiv'ring steeds fell prostrate at the fight ; 165
 And *Nestor's* trembling hand confess'd his fright ;
 He drop'd the reins ; and shook with sacred dread,
 Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid *Diomed*.

O chief ! too daring in thy friend's defence,
 Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence. 170
 This day, averse, the sov'reign of the skies
 Assists great *Hector*, and our palm denies.
 Some other sun may see the happier hour,
 When *Greece* shall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.
 'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move : 175
 The great will glory to submit to *Jove*.

and disorder the rest. *Nestor* is cutting the harness with his sword, while *Hector* advances driving full speed. *Diomed* interposes, in an action of the utmost fierceness and intrepidity : these two heroes make the principal figures and subject of the picture. A burning thunderbolt falls just before the feet of *Diomed's* horses, from whence a horrid flame of sulphur rises.

This is only a specimen of a single picture designed by *Homer*, out of the many with which he has beautified the *Iliad*. And indeed every thing is so natural and so lively, that the History-painter would generally have no more to do, but to delineate the forms, and copy the circumstances, just as he finds them described by this great master. We cannot therefore wonder at what has been so often said, of *Homer's* furnishing Ideas to the most famous Painters of antiquity.

O rev'rend Prince ! (*Tydidēs* thus replies)
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But ah, what grief ! should haughty *Hēktor* boast,
 I fled inglorious to the guarded coast. 180
 Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
 O'erwhelm me, earth ; and hide a warrior's shame.
 To whom *Gerenian Nestor* thus reply'd :
 Gods ! can thy courage fear the *Pbrygian's* pride ?
Hēktor may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast ?
 Not those who felt thy arm, the *Dardan* host, 186
 Nor *Troy*, yet bleeding in her heroes lost ;
 Not ev'n a *Pbrygian* dame, who dreads the sword
 That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.
 He said, and hasty, o'er the gasping throng 190
 Drives the swift steeds ; the chariot smokes along.
 The shouts of *Trojans* thicken in the wind ;
 The storm of hissing jav'lines pours behind.
 Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
 Pleas'd *Hēktor* braves the warrior as he flies. 195

γ. 194. *The solid skies.*] *Homer* sometimes calls the heavens
 brazen, οὐρανὸν πολύχραιον, and *Jupiter's* palace, χαλκοβασις δῶ.
 One might think from hence that the notion of the *solidity* of

Go, mighty hero! grac'd above the rest
 In feats of council and the sumptuous feast:
 Now hope no more those honours from thy train;
 Go, less than woman, in the form of man!
 To scale our walls, to wrap our tow'rs in flames,
 To lead in exile the fair *Phrygian* dames, 201
 Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous Prince!
 are fled;
 This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee
 dead.

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,
 To stop his courfers, and to stand the fight; 205
 Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial *Jove*
 On *Ida's* summits thunder'd from above.

Great *Hector* heard; he saw the flashing light,
 (The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight.

Hear ev'ry *Trojan*, *Lycian*, *Dardan* band, 210
 All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
 Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
 Your great forefathers glories, and your own.

the heavens, which is indeed very ancient, had been generally received. The scripture uses expressions agreeable to it, *A heaven of brags*, and the *firmament*.

Heard ye the voice of *Jove*? Success and fame
 Await on *Troy*, on *Greece* eternal shame. 215
 In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
 Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.
 High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall
 bound;

And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.
 Soon as before yon' hollow ships we stand, 220
 Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand;
 'Till their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires.
 All *Greece*, encampass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said; then bending o'er the yoke,
 Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke.
 Now *Xanthus*, *Æthon*, *Lampus*! urge the chace, 226
 And thou, *Podargus*! prove thy gen'rous race:

§. 214. *Heard ye the voice of Jove?*] It was a noble and effectual manner of encouraging the troops, by telling them that God was surely on their side: this, it seems, has been an ancient practice, as it has been used in modern times by those who never read *Homer*.

§. 226. *Now Xanthus, Æthon, &c.*] There have been Critics who blame this manner, introduced by *Homer* and copied by *Virgil*, of making a hero address his discourse to his horses. *Virgil* has given human sentiments to the horse of *Pallas*, and made him weep for the death of his master. In the tenth *Æneid*, *Mezentius* speaks to his horse in the

Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
 And all your master's well-spent care repay.
 For this, high-fed in plenteous stalls ye stand, 230
 Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a Princess' hand;
 For this my spouse, of great *Ætion's* line,
 So oft has steep'd the strength'ning grain in wine,

same manner as *Hector* does here. Nay, he makes *Turnus* utter a speech to his spear, and invoke it as a divinity. All this is agreeable to the art of oratory, which makes it a precept to speak to every thing, and make every thing speak; of which there are innumerable applauded instances in the most celebrated orators. Nothing can be more spirited and affecting than this enthusiasm of *Hector*, who, in the transport of his joy at the sight of *Diomed* flying before him, breaks out into this apostrophe to his horses, as he is pursuing. And indeed the air of this whole speech is agreeable to a man drunk with the hopes of success, and promising himself a series of conquests. He has in imagination already forced the *Grecian* retrenchments, set the fleet in flames, and destroyed the whole army.

§. 232. *For this, my spouse.*] There is, says M. Dacier, a secret beauty in this passage, which perhaps will only be perceived by those who are particularly versed in *Homer*. He describes a Princess so tender in her love to her husband, that she takes care constantly to go and meet him at his return from every battle; and in the joy of seeing him again, runs to his horses, and gives them bread and wine as a testimony of her acknowledgment to them for bringing him back. Notwithstanding the raillery that may be cast upon this remark, I take a Lady to be the best judge to what actions a woman may be carried by fondness to her husband. *Homer* does not expressly mention bread, but wheat; and the commentators are not agreed whether she gave them wine to drink, or steeped the grain in it. *Hobbes* translates it as I do,

Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroull'd ;
 Give me to seize rich *Nestor's* shield of gold ; 235
 From *Tydeus'* shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God :

These if we gain, then Victory, ye pow'rs !
 This night ; this glorious night, the fleet is ours.

That heard, deep anguish stung *Saturnia's* soul ;
 She shook her throne that shook the starry pole : 241
 And thus to *Neptune* : Thou, whose force can
 make

The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,
 See'st thou the *Greeks* by fates unjust oppress'd,
 Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast ? 245
 Yet *Ægæ*, *Helicè*, thy pow'r obey,
 And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.
 Would all the Deities of *Greece* combine,
 In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine :

ψ. 237. *Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.*] These were the arms that *Diomed* had received from *Glaucus*, and a prize worthy *Hector*, being (as we are told in the sixth book) entirely of gold. I do not remember any other place where the shield of *Nestor* is celebrated by *Homer*.

ψ. 246. *Yet Ægæ, Helicè.*] These were two cities of *Greece* in which *Neptune* was particularly honoured, and in each of which there was a temple and a statue of him.

Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend,
 And see his *Trojans* to the shades descend: 251
 Such be the scene from his *Idæan* bow'r;
 Ungrateful prospect to the fullen pow'r!

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
 What rage, what madness, furious Queen! is thine?
 I war not with the Highest. All above 256
 Submit and tremble at the hand of *Jove*.

Now godlike *Hector*, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
 Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
 With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd
 shields. 261

Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
 Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
 A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
 With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet. 265
 The King of Men, by *Juno's* self inspir'd,
 Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.

γ. 262. *Where the deep trench.*] That is to say, the space betwixt the ditch and the wall was filled with the men and chariots of the *Greeks*: *Hector* not having yet past the ditch. *Eustathius*.

Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand
 His purple robe, bright ensign of command. 269
 High on the midmost bark the King appear'd;
 There, from *Ulysses'* deck, his voice was heard:
 To *Ajax* and *Achilles* reach'd the sound,
 Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
 Oh *Argives*! shame of human race; he cry'd,
 (The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd) 275
 Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
 Your hasty triumphs on the *Lemnian* shore?
 Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
 While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;

§. 269. *His purple robe.*] *Agamemnon* here addresses himself to the eyes of the army; his voice might have been lost in the confusion of a retreat, but the motion of this purple robe could not fail of attracting the regards of the soldiers. His speech also is very remarkable; he first endeavours to shame them into courage, and then begs of *Jupiter* to give that courage success; at least so far as not to suffer the whole army to be destroyed. *Eustathius*.

§. 270. *High on the midmost bark, &c.*] We learn from hence the situation of the ships of *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax*. The two latter being the strongest heroes of the army, were placed to defend either end of the fleet, as most obnoxious to the incursions or surprises of the enemy; and *Ulysses* being the ablest head, was allotted the middle place, as more safe and convenient for the council, and that he might be the nearer, if any emergency required his advice. *Eustathius*, *Spondanus*.

But who to meet one martial man is found, 280

When the fight rages, and the flames surround?

O mighty *Jove*! oh fire of the distress'd!

Was ever King like me, like me oppress'd?

With pow'r immense, with justice arm'd in vain;

My glory ravish'd, and my people slain! 285

To thee my vows were breath'd from ev'ry
shore;

What altar smok'd not with our victim's gore?

With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,

And ask'd destruction to the *Trojan* name. 289

Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand;

Give these at least to 'scape from *Heſtor*'s hand,

And save the relicks of the *Grecian* land!

Thus pray'd the King, and heav'n's great Fa-
ther heard

His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd;

§. 293. *Thus pray'd the King, and heav'n's great Father heard.*
It is to be observed in general, that *Homer* hardly ever makes his heroes succeed, unless they have first offer'd a prayer to heaven. Whether they engage in war, go upon an embassy, undertake a voyage; in a word, whatever they enterprize, they almost always supplicate some God; and whenever we find this omitted, we may expect some adversity to befall them in the course of the story.

The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares, 295
 And gives the people to their monarch's pray'rs.
 His eagle, sacred bird of heav'n ! he sent,
 A fawn his talons trufs'd (divine portent !)
 High o'er the wond'ring hosts he soar'd above,
 Who paid their vows to *Panomphean Jove* ; 300

ψ. 297. *His eagle, sacred bird.*] *Jupiter* upon the prayers of *Agamemnon* sends an omen to encourage the *Greeks*. The application of it is obvious: the eagle signified *Hector*, the fawn denoted the feat and flight of the *Greeks*, and being dropt at the altar of *Jupiter*, shewed that they would be saved by the protection of that God. The word Πανομφαῖος (says *Eustathius*) has a great significancy in this place. The *Greeks* having just received this happy omen from *Jupiter*, were offering oblations to him under the title of the *Father of Oracles*. There may also be a natural reason for this appellation, as *Jupiter* signified the *Æther*, which is the vehicle of all sounds.

Virgil has a fine imitation of this passage, but diversified with many more circumstances, where he makes *Juturna* shew a prodigy of the like nature to encourage the *Latins*, *Æn.* xii.

- “ Namque volans rubrâ fulvis Jovis ales in æthrâ,
- “ Litoreas agitabat aves, turbamque sonantem
- “ Agminis aligeri : subito cùm lapsus ad undas
- “ Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
- “ Arrexere animos Itali : cunctæque volucres
- “ Convertunt clamore fugam (mirabile visu)
- “ Ætheraque obscurant pennis, hostemque per auras
- “ Factâ nube premunt : donec vi victus & ipso
- “ Pondere defecit, prædamque ex unguibus ales
- “ Projecit fluvio, penitusque in nubila fugit.”

Then let the prey before his altar fall;
 The *Greeks* beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:
 Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
 And fierce on *Troy* with doubled fury drive:
Tydides first, of all the *Grecian* force, 305
 O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
 Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle
 tore;
 And dy'd his jav'lin red with *Trojan* gore.
 Young *Agelaüs* (*Phradmon* with his fire)
 With flying coursers shun'd his dreadful ire: 310
 Struck thro' the back, the *Phrygian* fell oppress;
 The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:
 Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:
 His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.
 Forth rush a tide of *Greeks*, the passage freed; 315
 Th' *Atridae* first, th' *Ajaces* next succeed:

†. 305: *Tydides first.*] *Diomed*; as we have before seen,
 was the last that retreated from the thunder of *Jupiter*; he is
 now the first that returns to the battle. It is worth while to
 observe the behaviour of the hero upon this occasion: he re-
 treats with the utmost reluctance, and advances with the ut-
 most ardour; he flies with greater impatience to meet danger,
 than he could before to put himself in safety. *Eustathius*.

Meriones, like *Mars* in arms renown'd,
 And god-like *Idomen*, now pass'd the mound;
Evantion's son next issues to the foe,
 And last, young *Teucer* with his bended bow. 320
 Secure behind the *Telamonian* shield
 The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,
 With ev'ry shaft some hostile victim slew,
 Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:
 The conscious infant so, when fear alarms, 325
 Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
 Thus *Ajax* guards his brother in the field,
 Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
 Who first by *Teucer's* mortal arrows bled?
Orsiloebus; then fell *Ormenus* dead: 330

y. 321. *Secure behind the Telamonian shield.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Teucer* being an excellent archer, and using only the bow, could not wear any arms which would encumber him, and render him less expedite in his archery. *Homer* to secure him from the enemy, represents him as standing behind *Ajax's* shield, and shooting from thence. Thus the Poet gives us a new circumstance of a battle, and though *Ajax* achieves nothing himself, he maintains a superiority over *Teucer*: *Ajax* may be said to kill these *Trojans* with the arrows of *Teucer*.

There is also a wonderful tenderness in the simile with which he illustrates the retreat of *Teucer* behind the shield of

The god-like *Lycephon* next press'd the plain,
 With *Chromius*, *Dætor*, *Ophelestes* slain :
 Bold *Hamopæon* breathless sunk to ground ;
 The bloody pile great *Melanippus* crown'd.
 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art, 335
 A *Trojan* ghost attending ev'ry dart.
 Great *Agamemnon* views with joyful eye
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly :
 Oh youth for ever dear ! (the monarch cry'd)
 Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd ; 340
 Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
 Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast !
 Sprung from an alien's bed thy fire to grace,
 The vigorous offspring of a stol'n embrace, 344

Ajax : such tender circumstances soften the horrors of a battle, and diffuse a sort of serenity over the soul of the reader.

†. 337: *Great Agamemnon views.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Homer* would here teach the duty of a General in a battle. He must observe the behaviour of his soldiers: he must honour the hero, reproach the coward, reduce the disorderly; and for the encouragement of the deserving, he must promise rewards, that desert in arms may not be paid with glory only.

†. 343. *Sprung from an alien's bed.*] *Agamemnon* here, in the height of his commendations of *Teucer*, tells him of his spurious birth: this (says *Eustathius*) was reckoned no disgrace among the ancients; nothing being more common than for heroes of old to take their female captives to their beds;

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Proud of his boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame,
 And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
 Now hear a monarch's vow: If heav'n's high pow'rs
 Give me to raze *Troy's* long defended tow'rs;
 Whatever treasures *Greece* for me design,
 The next rich honorary gift be thine: 350
 Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
 With courfers dreadful in the ranks of war;
 Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
 Shall recompense the warriour's toils with love.

To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire,
 Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire. 356
 What strength I have, be now in battle try'd.
 'Till ev'ry shaft in *Phrygian* blood be dy'd.
 Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
 Still aim'd at *Hector* have I bent my bow: 360
 Eight forked arrows from this hand have fled,
 And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:

and as such captives were then given for a reward of valour, and as a matter of glory, it could be no reproach to be descended from them. Thus *Teucer* (says *Eustathius*) was descended from *Telamon* and *Hesione* the sister of *Priam*, a female captive.

But sure some God denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of *Troy*.

He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon
flies 365

At *Hector's* breast, and sings along the skies :
He miss'd the mark ; but pierc'd *Gorgythio's*
heart,

And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.

†. 364. *This dog of Troy.*] This is literal from the *Greek*, and I have ventured it, as no improper expression of the rage of *Teucer*, for having been so often disappointed in his aim, and of his passion against that enemy, who had so long prevented all the hopes of the *Grecians*. *Milton* was not scrupulous of imitating even these, which the modern refiners call unmannerly strokes of our author, (who knew to what extremes human passions might proceed, and was not ashamed to copy them.) He has put this very expression into the mouth of God himself, who upon beholding the havock which *Sin* and *Death* made in the world, is moved in his indignation to cry out,

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance !

†. 367. *He miss'd the mark.*] These words, says *Eusebius*, are very artfully inserted ; the reader might wonder why so skilful an archer should so often miss his mark, and it was necessary that *Teucer* should miss *Hector*, because *Homer* could not falsify the History ; this difficulty he removes by the intervention of *Apollo*, who wafts the arrow aside from him : the poet does not tell us that this was done by the hand of a God, till the arrow of *Teucer* came so near *Hector* as to kill his charioteer, which made some such contrivance necessary.

(Fair *Castianira*, nymph of form divine,
 This offspring added to King *Priam*'s line.) 370
 As full-blown poppies, over-charg'd with rain,
 Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain ;

ψ. 371. *As full-blown poppies.*] This simile is very beautiful, and exactly represents the manner of *Gorgythion*'s death : there is such a sweetness in the comparison, that it makes us pity the youth's fall, and almost feel his wound. *Virgil* has applied it to the death of *Euryalus* :

“ ——— Inque humeros cervix collapsa recumbit :

“ Purpureus veluti cùm flos succisus aratro

“ Languescit moriens ; lassove papavera collo

“ Demisere caput, pluvîâ cùm fortè gravantur.”

This is finely improved by the *Roman* author, with the particulars of *succisus aratro*, and *lasso collo*. But it may on the other hand be observed in the favour of *Homer*, that the circumstance of the head being oppressed and weighed down by the helmet, is so remarkably just, that it is a wonder *Virgil* omitted it ; and the rather because he had particularly taken notice before, that it was the helmet of *Euryalus* which occasioned the discovery and unfortunate death of this young hero and his friend,

One may make a general observation, that *Homer* in those comparisons that breathe an air of tenderness, is very exact, and adapts them in every point to the subject which he is to illustrate : but in other comparisons, where he is to inspire the soul with sublime sentiments, he gives a loose to his fancy, and does not regard whether the images exactly correspond. I take the reason of it to be this : In the first, the copy must be like the original to cause it to affect us ; the glass needs only to return the real image to make it beautiful : whereas in the other, a succession of noble ideas will

So sinks the youth : his beauteous head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.

Another shaft the raging archer drew : 375

That other shaft with erring fury flew,
(From *Hector Phæbus* turn'd the flying wound)

Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground :

Thy breast, brave *Archeptolemus* ! it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore. 380

Headlong he falls : his sudden fall alarms

The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.

Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,

All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.

Then bids *Cebriones* direct the rein, 385

Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.

Dreadful he shouts : from earth a stone he took,

And rush'd on *Teucer* with the lifted rock.

The youth already strain'd the forceful yew ;

The shaft already to his shoulder drew ; 390

The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,

Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite ;

cause the like sentiments in the soul ; and though the glass
should enlarge the image, it only strikes us with such thoughts
as the Poet intended to raise, sublime and great.

'There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
 The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone :
 The bow-string burst beneath the pond'rous blow,
 And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow. 396
 He fell : but *Ajax* his broad shield display'd,
 And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade ;
 'Till great *Alastor*, and *Mecistheus*, bore
 The batter'd archer groaning to the shore. 400

Troy yet found grace before th' *Olympian* Sire,
 He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with
 fire.

The *Greeks*, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
 Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
 First of the foe, great *Hector* march'd along, 405
 With terrour cloath'd, and more than mortal
 strong.

As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,
 With beating bosom, and with eager pace,

*. 407. *As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace.*] This simile is the justest imaginable ; and gives the most lively picture of the manner in which the *Grecians* fled, and *Hector* pursued them, still slaughtering the hindmost. *Gratius* and *Oppian* have given us particular descriptions of those sort of dogs, of prodigious strength and size, which were employed

Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
 Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels : 410
 Thus oft' the *Grecians* turn'd, but still they flew;
 Thus following *Hector* still the hindmost flew.
 When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;
 Before the ships a desp'rate stand they made, 415
 And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
 Fierce on his ratt'ling chariot *Hector* came;
 His eyes like *Gorgon* shot a sanguine flame
 That wither'd all their host; like *Mars* he stood;
 Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God ! 420
 Their strong distress the wife of *Jove* survey'd;
 Then pensive thus, to War's triumphant maid.
 Oh daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield !

to hunt and tear down wild beasts. To one of these fierce animals he compares *Hector*, and one cannot but observe his care not to disgrace his *Grecian* countrymen by an unworthy comparison: though he is obliged to represent them flying, he makes them fly like lions; and as they fly, turn frequently back upon their pursuer: so that it is hard to say, if they, or he, be in the greater danger. On the contrary, when any of the *Grecian* heroes pursue the *Trojans*, it is he that is the lion, and the flyers are but sheep or trembling deer,

Now, in this moment of her last despair, 425
 Shall wretched *Greece* no more confess our care,
 Condemn'd to suffer the full force of Fate,
 And drain the dregs of heav'n's relentless hate ?
 Gods ! shall one raging hand thus level all ? 429
 What numbers fell ? what numbers yet shall fall ?
 What pow'r divine shall *Hector's* wrath assuage ?
 Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage !

So spake th' imperial regent of the skies ;
 To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes : 434
 Long since had *Hector* stain'd these fields with gore,
 Stretch'd by some *Argive* on his native shore ;
 But He above, the Sire of heav'n withstands,
 Mocks our attempts, and flights our just demands.
 The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,
 Forgets my service and deserv'd reward : 440

y. 439. *The stubborn God, inflexible and hard.*] It must be owned that this speech of *Minerva* against *Jupiter*, shocks the Allegory more than perhaps any in the poem. Unless the Deities may sometimes be thought to mean no more than Beings that presided over those parts of nature, or those passions and faculties of the mind. Thus as *Venus* suggests unlawful as well as lawful desires, so *Minerva* may be described as the Goddess not only of Wisdom but of Craft ; that is, both of true and false wisdom. So the moral of *Minerva's* speaking

BOOK VIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 43

Sav'd I, for this, his fav'rite * son distress'd,
 By stern *Euristheus* with long labours press'd?
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;
 I shot from heav'n, and gave his arm the day.
 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event, 445
 When to grim *Pluto's* gloomy gates he went;
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,
 Nor *Styx* been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain,
 Averse to me of all his heav'n of Gods,
 At *Thetis'* suit the partial Thund'rer nods. 450
 To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,
 My hopes are frustrate, and my *Greeks* undone,
 Some future day, perhaps he may be mov'd
 To call his blue-ey'd maid his best-belov'd.
 Haste, lanch thy chariot, thro' yon' ranks to
 ride; 455
 My self will arm, and thunder at thy side.
 Then Goddess! say, shall *Hector* glory then,
 (That terrour of the *Greeks*, that Man of men)

rashly of *Jupiter*, may be, that the wisest of finite Beings is
 liable to passion and indiscretion, as the commentators have
 already observed.

* *Hercules*,

When *Juno's* self, and *Pallas* shall appear,
 All dreadful in the crimson walks of war? 460
 What mighty *Trojan* then, on yonder shore,
 Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
 Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore? }

She ceas'd, and *Juno* rein'd the steeds with care;
 (Heav'n's awful empress, *Saturn's* other heir) 465
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
 The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove
 Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of *Jove*.
 Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest, 470
 His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.
 The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends;
 Shook by her arm, the massy jav'lin bends;

†. 461. *What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore.*] She means *Hector*, whose death the Poet makes her foresee in such a lively manner, as if the image of the hero lay bleeding before her. This picture is noble, and agreeable to the observation we formerly made of *Homer's* method of prophesying in the spirit of poetry.

†. 469. *Floats in rich waves.*] The Greek word is *κατάχυνν*, pours the veil on the pavement. I must just take notice that here is a repetition of the same beautiful verses which the author had used in the fifth book.

Huge, pond'rous, strong! that when her fury burns
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly; 476
Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid sky.

Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged *Hours*.

Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 480

The Sun's bright portals and the skies command;
Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,

Bar heav'n with clouds, or roll those clouds away.

The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;

Prone down the steep of heav'n their course they
guide. 485

But *Jove* incens'd, from *Ida*'s top survey'd,

And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd Maid.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their
car;

Against the Highest who shall wage the war?

†. 477. *Smooth glides the chariot, &c.*] One would almost think
Homer made his Gods and Goddesses descend from *Olympus*,
only to mount again, and mount only to descend again, he is
so remarkably delighted with the descriptions of their horses,
and their manner of flight. We have no less than three of
these in the present book.

46 HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK VIII.

If furious yet they dare the vain debate, 490

Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is Fate.

Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,

Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;

My light'ning these rebellious shall confound,

And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,

Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep 496

The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.

So shall *Minerva* learn to fear our ire,

Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.

For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still, 500

She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd Maid

From *Ida's* top her golden wings display'd;

To great *Olympus'* shining gates she flies, 504

There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,

§. 500 For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still, She claims, &c.] *Eustathius* observes here, if a good man does us a wrong, we are justly angry at it; but if it proceeds from a bad one, it is no more than we expected, we are not at all surpris'd, and we bear it with patience.

There are many such passages as these in *Homer*, which glance obliquely at the fair sex; and *Jupiter* is here forced to take upon himself the severe husband, to teach *Juno* the duty of a wife.

Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.

What frenzy, Goddesses ! what rage can move
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of *Jove*.

Desist, obedient to his high command ; 510

This is his word : and know his word shall stand.

His light'ning your rebellion shall confound,

And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the ground :

Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,

Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky ; 515

Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep

The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.

So shall *Minerva* learn to fear his ire,

Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.

For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still, 520

She claims some title to transgress his will :

But thee what desp'rate insolence has driv'n,

To lift thy lance against the King of heav'n ?

§. 522. *But thee what desp'rate insolence.*] It is observable that *Homer* generally makes his messengers divine as well as human, very punctual in delivering their messages in the very words of the persons who commissioned them. *Iris* however in the close of her speech has ventured to go beyond her instructions and all rules of decorum, by adding these expressi-

Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,
 She flew; and *Juno* thus her rage resign'd. 525
 O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
 No more let beings of superiour birth
 Contend with *Jove* for this low race of earth:
 Triumphant now, now miserably slain, 530
 They breathe or perish as the fates ordain.

ons of bitter reproach to a Goddess of superiour rank. The words of the original *Κίον ἀδελφίς*, are too gross to be literally translated.

§. 525. *Juno her rage resign'd.*] *Homer* never intended to give us the picture of a good wife in the description of *Juno*: she obeys *Jupiter*, but it is a forced obedience: she submits rather to the governour than to the husband, and is more afraid of his lightening than his commands.

Her behaviour in this place is very natural to a person under a disappointment: she had set her heart upon preferring the *Greeks*, but failing in that point, she assumes an air of indifference, and says, whether they live or die, she is unconcerned.

§. 531. *They breathe or perish as the fates ordain.*] The translator has turned this line in compliance to an old observation upon *Homer*, which *Macrobius* has written, and several others have since fallen into: they say he was so great a fatalist, as not so much as to name the word *Fortune* in all his works, but constantly *Fate* instead of it. This remark seems curious enough, and indeed does agree with the general tenour and doctrine of this Poet; but unluckily it is not true, the word which they have proscribed being implied in the original of this §. 430. *ὅς κ' ἐπὶ τύχῃ*.

But *Jove's* high counsels full effect shall find,
And ever constant, ever rule mankind.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of
light, 534

Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright.

The *Hours* unloos'd them, panting as they stood,

And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.

There ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;

The chariot propt against the crystal walls.

The pensive Goddesses, abash'd, controull'd, 540

Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight

From *Ida's* fummits to th' *Olympian* height.

Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,

Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky. 545

'Twas *Neptune's* charge his coursers to unbrace,

And fix the car on its immortal base;

†. 547. *And fix the car on its immortal base.*] It is remarked by *Eustathius* that the word *βωμῶν* signifies not only altars, but pedestals or bases of statues, &c. I think our language will bear this literally, though *M. Dacier* durst not venture it in the *French*. The solemnity with which this chariot of *Jupiter* is set up, by the hands of a God, and covered with a fine veil, makes it easy enough to imagine that this distinction also might be shewn it.

There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
 'Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.

He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
 Th' eternal Thunderer, sat thron'd in gold. 551

High heav'n the footstool of his feet he makes,
 And wide beneath him, all *Olympus* shakes.

Trembling afar th' offending pow'rs appear'd,
 Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd. 555

He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts;
Pallas and *Juno*! say, why heave your hearts?

Soon was your battle o'er: proud *Troy* retir'd
 Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd. 559

But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand!

Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:

Who shall the sov'reign of the skies controul?

Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.

Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
 And each immortal nerve with horreur shake. 565

For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;

What pow'r foe'er provokes our lifted hand,

On this our hill no more shall hold his place;

Cut off, and exil'd from th' æthereal race.

Juno and *Pallas* grieving hear the doom, 570
 But feast their souls on *Ilion*'s woes to come.
 Tho' secret anger swell'd *Minerva*'s breast,
 The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress:

¶ 570. *Juno and Pallas.*] In the beginning of this book *Juno* was silent, and *Minerva* replied: here, says *Eustathius*, *Homer* makes *Juno* reply with great propriety to both their characters. *Minerva* resents the usage of *Jupiter*, but the reverence she bears to her father, and her King, keeps her silent; she has not less anger than *Juno*, but more reason. *Minerva* there spoke with all the submission and deference that was owing from a child to a father, or from a subject to a King; but *Juno* is more free with her husband, she is angry, and lets him know it by the first word she utters.

Juno here repeats the same words which had been used by *Minerva* to *Jupiter* near the beginning of this book. What is there uttered by wisdom herself, and approved by him, is here spoken by a Goddess, who (as *Homer* tells us at this very time) imprudently manifested her passion, and whom *Jupiter* answers with anger. To deal fairly, I cannot defend this in my Author, any more than some other of his repetitions; as when *Ajax* in the fifteenth *Iliad*, ¶ 668. uses the same speech word for word to encourage the *Greeks*, which *Agamemnon* had made in the fifth, ¶ 653. I think it equally an extreme, to vindicate all the repetitions of *Homer*, and to excuse none. However *Eustathius* very ingeniously excuses this, by saying that the same speeches become entirely different by the different manner of introducing them. *Minerva* addressed herself to *Jupiter*, with words full of respect, but *Juno* with terms of resentment. This, says he, shews the effect of opening our speeches with art: it prejudices the audience in our favour, and makes us speak to friends: whereas the auditor naturally denies that favour, which the orator does not seem to ask; so that what he delivers, though it has equal merit, labours under this disadvantage, that his judges are his enemies.

But *Juno*, impotent of rage, replies.

What hast thou said, Oh tyrant of the skies! 575

Strength and Omnipotence invest thy throne;

'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.

For *Greece* we grieve, abandoned by her fate,

To drink the dregs of thy unmeasured hate:

From fields forbidden we submit refrain, 580

With arms unaiding see our *Argives* slain;

Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,

Lest all should perish in the rage of *Jove*.

The Goddess thus: and thus the God replies,

Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies.

The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms, 586

Shall see th' Almighty Thunderer in arms.

What heaps of *Argives* then shall load the plain,

Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.

Nor shall great *Hector* cease the rage of fight, 590

The navy flaming, and thy *Greeks* in flight,

†. 590. *Nor shall great Hector cease, &c.*] Here, says *Eustathius*, the Poet prepares the reader for what is to succeed: he gives us the out-lines of his piece, which he is to fill up in the progress of the poem. This is so far from cloying the reader's appetite, that it raises it, and makes him desirous to see the picture drawn in its full length.

Ev'n 'till the day, when certain fates ordain
 That stern *Achilles* (his *Patroclus* slain)
 Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.
 For such is fate, nor can'st thou turn its course 595
 With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
 Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,
 Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;
 Where curs'd *Iäpetus* and *Saturn* dwell,
 Fast by the brink, within the streams of hell; 600
 No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there;
 No chearful gales refresh the lazy air;
 There arm once more the bold *Titanian* band;
 And arm in vain; for what I will, shall stand.

Now deep in Ocean sunk the lamp of light, 605
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
 The conqu'ring *Trojans* mourn his beams de-
 cay'd;

The *Greeks* rejoicing bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field; and *Hector* calls
 A martial council near the navy walls: 610
 These to *Scamander's* bank apart he led,
 Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.

Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their Prince furround.

A massy spear he bore of mighty strength, 615

Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;

The point was brass, refulgent to behold,

Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold :

The noble *Hector* on his lance reclin'd,

And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind. 620

Ye valiant *Trojans*, with attention hear !

Ye *Dardan* bands, and gen'rous Aids give ear !

This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conqu'ring
flame

Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with
fame.

But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls, 625

And guards them trembling in their wooden walls,

Obeys the Night, and use her peaceful hours

Our steeds to forage, and refresh our pow'rs.

ψ. 621. *Ye valiant Trojans, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Hector* here speaks like a soldier : he bears a spear, not sceptre in his hand ; he harangues like a soldier, but like a victor ; he seems to be too much pleased with himself, and in this vein of self-flattery, he promises a compleat conquest over the *Greeks*.

BOOK VIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 55

Strait from the town be sheep and oxen fought,
And strength'ning bread, and gen'rous wine be
brought. 630

Wide o'er the field, high-blazing to the sky,
Let num'rous fires the absent sun supply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
'Till the bright morn her purple beam dis-
plays ;

Left in the silence and the shades of night, 635
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.

Not unmolested let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main ;
Some hostile wound let ev'ry dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the *Phrygian* foe, 640
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses
care,

And warn their children from a *Trojan* war.
Now thro' the circuit of our *Ilian* wall,
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call ;
To bid the Sires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardless youths, our battlements sur-
round. 646

56 HOMER'S I L I A D. BOOK VIII.

Firm be the guard, while distant lie our pow'rs,
 And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs;
 Lest under covert of the midnight shade,
 Th' insidious foe the naked town invade. 650
 Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey;
 A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
 The Gods, I trust, shall give to *Hector's* hand,
 From these detested foes to free the land,
 Who plow'd, with fates averse, the wat'ry way; 655
 For *Trojan* vultures a predestin'd prey.
 Our common safety must be now the care;
 But soon as morning paints the fields of air,
 Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,
 And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage. 660
 Then, then shall *Hector* and *Tyrides* prove,
 Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of *Jove*,

*. 648. *And let the matrons.*] I have been more observant of the decorum in this line than my Author himself. He calls the women *ἠδύτρεπαι*, an epithet of scandalous import, upon which *Porphyry* and the *Greek* Scholiast have said but too much. I know no man that yet had the impudence to translate that remark, in regard of which it is politeness to imitate the Barbarians, and say, *Græcum est, non legitur*. For my part, I leave it as a motive to some very curious persons of both sexes to study the *Greek* language,

To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)
 Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne,
 With this keen jav'lin shall his breast be gor'd,
 And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord. 666
 Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
 From age inglorious, and black death secure;
 So might my life and glory know no bound,
 Like *Pallas* worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd!
 As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy, 671
 Shall crush the *Greeks*, and end the woes of
Troy.

The leader spoke. From all his host around
 Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
 Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd,
 And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot-side. 676
 Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
 With gen'rous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
 Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
 The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore. 680

‡. 679. *Full hecatombs, &c.*] The six lines that follow being a translation of four in the original, are added from the authority of *Plato* in Mr. *Barnes's* edition: that author cites them in his second *Alcibiades*. There is no doubt of their be-

Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!
 Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the *Trojans* tow'rs;
 Nor *Priam* nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
 Proud *Troy* they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting fat in order round, 685
 And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
 As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene; 690
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,

ing genuine, but the question is only whether they are rightly placed here? I shall not pretend to decide upon a point which will doubtless be the speculation of future criticks.

§. 687. *As when the Moon, &c.*] This comparison is inferior to none in *Homer*. It is the most beautiful night-piece that can be found in poetry. He presents you with a prospect of the heavens, the seas, and the earth: the stars shine, the air is serene, the world enlightened, and the moon mounted in glory. *Eustathius* remarks that *φαινή* does not signify the moon at full, for then the light of the stars is diminished or lost in the greater brightness of the moon. And others correct the word *φαινή* to *φάει νήν*, for *φάει νήν*; but this criticism is forced, and I see no necessity why the moon may not be said to be bright, though it is not in the full. A Poet is not obliged to speak with the exactness of Philosophy, but with the liberty of Poetry.

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies: 695
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud *Ilion* blaze,
 And lighten glimm'ring *Xanthus* with their rays;
 The long reflections of the distant fires 701
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.

¶ 703. *A thousand piles.*] *Homer* in his catalogue of the *Grecian* ships, though he does not recount expressly the number of the *Greeks*, has given some hints from whence the sum of their army may be collected. But in the same book where he gives an account of the *Trojan* army, and relates the names of the leaders and nations of the auxiliaries, he says nothing by which we may infer the number of the army of the besieged. To supply therefore that omission, he has taken occasion by this piece of poetical arithmetick, to inform his reader, that the *Trojan* army amounted to fifty thousand. That the assistant nations are to be included herein, appears from what *Dolon* says in l. x. that the auxiliaries were encamped that night with the *Trojans*.

This passage gives me occasion to animadvert upon a mistake of a modern writer, and another of my own. The *Abbè Terasson*, in a late treatise against *Homer*, is under a grievous

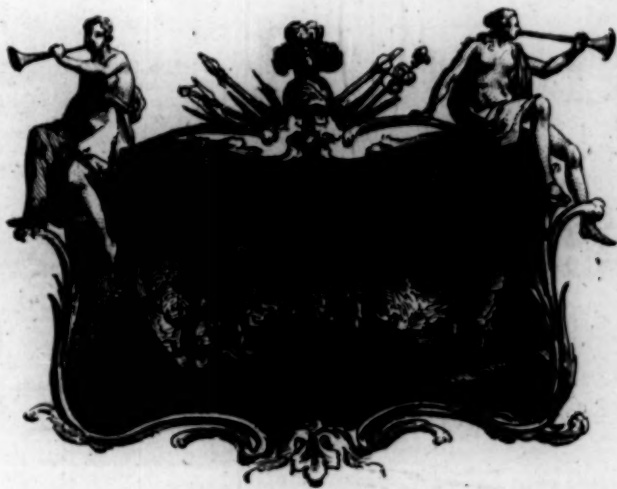
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend, 705
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send,
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

error, in saying that all the forces of *Troy* and the auxiliaries cannot be reasonably supposed from *Homer* to be above ten thousand men. He had entirely overlooked this place, which says there were a thousand fires, and fifty men at each of them. See my observations on the second book, where these fires by a slip of my memory are called funeral piles: I should be glad it were the greatest error I have committed in these notes,

§. 707. *The coursers o'er their heaps of corn.*] I durst not take the same liberty with M. *Dacier*, who has omitted this circumstance, and does not mention the horses at all. In the following line, the last of the book, *Homer* has given to the *Morning* the epithet *fair-spear'd* or *bright-thron'd*, ἰσθρονὸν ἥω. I have already taken notice in the preface of the method of translating the epithets of *Homer*, and must add here, that it is often only the uncertainty the moderns lie under, of the true genuine signification of an ancient word, which causes the many various constructions of it. So that it is probable the author's own words, at the time he used them, never meant half so many things as we translate them into. Madam *Dacier* generally observes one practice as to these throughout her version: she renders almost every such epithet in *Greek* by two or three in *French*, from a fear of losing the least part of its significance. This perhaps may be excusable in prose; though at best it makes the whole much more verbose and tedious, and is rather like writing a dictionary than rendering an author: but in verse, every reader knows such a redoubling of epithets would not be tolerable. A Poet has therefore only to chuse that, which most agrees with the tenour and main intent of the particular passage, or with the genius of poetry itself.

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It is plain that too scrupulous an adherence to many of these, gives the translation an exotick, pedantick, and whimsical air, which it is not to be imagined the original ever had. To call a hero the *great artificer of flight*, the *swift of foot*, or the *horse-tamer*, these give us ideas of little peculiarities, when in the author's time they were epithets used only in general to signify alacrity, agility, and vigour. A common reader would imagine from these servile versions, that *Diomed* and *Achilles* were foot-racers, and *Hector* a horse-courser, rather than that any of them were heroes. A man shall be called a faithful translator for rendering *πόδας ὠκὺς* in *English*, *swift-footed*; but laughed at if he should translate our *English* word *dext'rous* into any other language, *right-handed*.





THE
NINTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.



The A R G U M E N T.

The Embassy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.



THE
* N I N T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

THUS joyful *Troy* maintain'd the watch of
night;

While Fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n-bred horror, on the *Grecian* part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.

* We have here a new scene of action opened; the Poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only: the two following books relate the adventures of the night.

It may be thought that *Homer* has crowded a great many actions into a very short time. In the ninth book a council is convened, an embassy sent, a considerable time passes in the

As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth, 5
 A double tempest of the west and north
 Swells o'er the sea, from *Thracia's* frozen shore,
 Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' *Ægean* roar ;

speeches and replies of the ambassadors and *Achilles* : in the tenth book a second council is called ; after this a debate is held, *Dolon* is intercepted, *Diomed* and *Ulysses* enter into the enemy's camp, kill *Rhesus*, and bring away his Horses : and all this is done in the narrow compass of one night.

It must therefore be remembered, that the ninth book takes up the first part of the night only ; that after the first council was dissolved, there passed some time before the second was summoned, as appears by the leaders being awakened by *Menelaus*. So that it was almost morning before *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out upon their design, which is very evident from the words of *Ulysses*, Book x. ψ . 251.

Ἄλλ' ἵσμεν μάλα γὰρ νῦν ἀνέλας, ἡμέρῃ δ' ἤως.

So that although a great many incidents are introduced, yet every thing might easily have been performed in the allotted time.

ψ . 7. *From Thracia's shore.*] *Homer* has been supposed by *Eratoſthenes* and others, to have been guilty of an error, in saying that *Zephyrus*, or the west wind, blows from *Thrace*, whereas in truth it blows toward it. But the poet speaks so either because it is fabled to be the rendezvous of all the winds ; or with respect to the particular situation of *Troy* and the *Ægean* sea. Either of these replies are sufficient to solve that objection.

The particular parts of this comparison agree admirably with the design of *Homer*, to express the distraction of the *Greeks* : the two winds representing the different opinions of the armies, one part of which were inclined to return, the other to stay. *Eustathius*.

This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost;
 Such various passions urg'd the troubled host. 10
 Great *Agamemnon* griev'd above the rest;
 Superiour sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
 Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
 To bid to council all the *Grecian* Peers,
 But bid in whispers: these surround their Chief,
 In solemn sadness, and majestick grief. 16
 The King amidst the mournful circle rose;
 Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
 So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
 In fable streams soft-trickling waters shed. 20
 With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd;
 Words, mixt with sighs, thus bursting from his
 breast.

Ye sons of *Greece*! partake your Leader's care;
 Fellows in arms and Princes of the war!

†. 15. *But bid in whispers.*] The reason why *Agamemnon* commands his heralds to summon the leaders in silence, is for fear the enemy should discover their consternation, by reason of their nearness, or perceive what their designs were in this extremity. *Eustathius*.

†. 23. *Agamemnon's speech.*] The critics are divided in their opinion, whether this speech, which is word for word the same with that he makes in *lib. ii.* be only a feint to try

Of partial *Jove* too justly we complain, 25
 And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.

the army as it is there, or the real sentiments of the General. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* explains it as the former, with whom *Madam Dacier* concurs; she thinks they must be both counterfeit, because they are both the same, and believes *Homer* would have varied them, had the design been different. She takes no notice that *Eustathius* is of the contrary opinion; as is also *Monfieur de la Motte*, who argues as if he had read him. “*Agamemnon* (says he) in the *Iliad*, thought himself assured of victory from the dream which *Jupiter* had sent to him, and in that confidence was desirous to bring the *Greeks* to a battle; but in the ninth book his circumstances are changed, he is in the utmost distress and despair upon his defeat, and therefore his proposal to raise the siege is in all probability sincere. If *Homer* had intended we should think otherwise, he would have told us so, as he did on the former occasion: and some of the officers would have suspected a feint, the rather because they had been imposed upon by the same speech before. But none of them suspect him at all. *Diomed* thinks him so much in earnest as to reproach his cowardice, *Nestor* applauds *Diomed*'s liberty, and *Agamemnon* makes not the least defence for himself.”

Dacier answers, that *Homer* had no occasion to tell us this was counterfeit, because the officers could not but remember it to have been so before; and as for the answers of *Diomed* and *Nestor*, they only carry on the same feint, as *Dionysius* has proved, whose reasons may be seen in the following note.

I do not pretend to decide upon this point; but which way soever it be, I think *Agamemnon*'s design was equally answered by repeating the same speech: so that the repetition at least is not to be blamed in *Homer*. What obliged *Agamemnon* to that feint, in the second book, was the hatred he had incurred in the army, by being the cause of *Achilles*'s departure; this made it but a necessary precaution in him to try, before he came to a battle, whether the *Greeks* were disposed to it.

A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
 With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with
 spoils :

Now shameful flight alone can save the host ;
 Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost. 30
 So *Jove* decrees, Almighty Lord of all !
Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
 Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
 And tow'rs and armies humbles to the dust.
 Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields, 35
 Haste to the joys our native country yields ;
 Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.

He said ; deep silence held the *Grecian* band,
 Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand, 40
 A pensive scene ! 'till *Tydeus'* warlike son
 Roll'd on the King his eyes, and thus begun.

and it was equally necessary, in case the event should prove unsuccessful, to free himself from the odium of being the occasion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the same words, was the readiest way to put them in mind that he had proposed the same advice to them before the battle ; and to make it appear unjust that their ill fortune should be charged upon him. See notes, §. 93 and 138 of the second *Iliad*.

When Kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.

¶. 43. *The speech of Diomed.*] I shall here translate the criticism of *Dionysius* on this passage. He asks, "What can be the drift of *Diomed*, when he insults *Agamemnon* in his griefs and distresses? For what *Diomed* here says, seems not only very ill timed, but inconsistent with his own opinion, and with the respect he had shewn in the beginning of this very speech;

"If I upbraid thee, Prince, thy wrath with-hold,

"The Laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

"This is the introduction of a man in temper, who is willing to soften and excuse the liberty of what is to follow, and what necessity only obliges him to utter. But he sub-joins a resentment of the reproach the King had formerly thrown upon him, and tells him that *Jupiter* had given him power and dominion without courage and virtue. These are things which agree but ill together, that *Diomed* should upbraid *Agamemnon* in his adversity, with past injuries, after he had endured his reproaches with so much moderation, and had reprov'd *Sthenelus* so warmly for the contrary practice in the fourth book. If any one answer, that *Diomed* was warranted in this freedom by the bravery of his warlike behaviour since that reproach, he supposes this Hero very ignorant how to demean himself in prosperity. The truth is, this whole accusation of *Diomed's* is only a feint to serve the designs of *Agamemnon*. For being desirous to persuade the *Greeks* against their departure, he effects that design by this counterfeited anger, and licence of speech: and seeming to resent, that *Agamemnon* should be capable of imagining the army would return to Greece, he artfully makes use of these reproaches to cover his argument. This is farther confirmed by what follows, when he bids *Agamemnon* return, if he pleases, and affirms that the *Grecians* will stay without him. Nay, he carries

If I oppose thee, Prince! thy wrath with-hold,
 The laws of council bid my tongue be bold. 46
 Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
 Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
 Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
 The *Greeks* stood witnesses, all our army heard. 50
 The Gods, O Chief! from whom our honours
 spring,

The Gods have made thee but by halves a King:
 They gave thee scepters, and a wide command,
 They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;
 The noblest pow'r that might the world con-
 troul 55

They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
 Is this a Gen'ral's voice, that would suggest
 Fears like his own to ev'ry *Grecian* breast?

“ the matter so far, as to boast, that if all the rest should de-
 “ part, himself and *Sthenelus* alone would continue the war,
 “ which would be extremely childish and absurd in any other
 “ view than this.”

ψ. 53. *They gave thee scepters, &c.*] This is the language of
 a brave man, to affirm and say boldly, that courage is above
 scepters and crowns. Scepters and crowns were indeed in
 former times not hereditary, but the recompence of valour.
 With what art and haughtiness *Diomed* sets himself indirectly
 above *Agamemnon*! *Eustathius*.

Confiding in our want of worth, he stands ;
 And if we fly, 'tis what our King commands. 60
 Go thou inglorious ! from th' embattl'd plain ;
 Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main ;
 A nobler care the *Grecians* shall employ,
 To combat, conquer, and extirpate *Troy*.
 Here *Greece* shall stay ; or if all *Greece* retire, 65
 My self will stay, 'till *Troy* or I expire ;
 My self, and *Sthenelus*, will fight for fame ;
 God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.
 He ceas'd ; the *Greeks* loud acclamations raise,
 And voice to voice resounds *Tydidēs'* praise. 70

* 62. *And nearest to the main.*] There is a secret stroke of satyr in these words ; *Diomed* tells the King that his squadron lies next the sea, insinuating that they were the most distant from the battle, and readiest for flight. *Eustathius*.

* 68. *God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.*] This is literal from the *Greek*, and therein may be seen the style of holy scripture, where it is said that they *come with God*, or that they are not come *without God*, meaning that they did not come without his order : *Numquid sine Domino ascendi in terram istam ?* says *Rabshekah* to *Hezekiah*, in *Isaiab xxxvi. v. 8*. This passage seems to me very beautiful. *Homer* adds it to shew that the valour of *Diomed*, which puts him upon remaining alone with *Sthenelus*, when all the *Greeks* were gone, is not a rash and mad boldness, but a reasonable one, and founded on the promises of God himself, who cannot lye. *Dacier*.

Wife *Nestor* then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
He spoke: the host in still attention heard.

O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind;

ψ. 73, *The speech of Nestor.*] *Dionysius* gives us the design of this speech in the place above cited. “ *Nestor* (says he) “ seconds the oration of *Diomed*: we shall perceive the artifice of his discourse, if we reflect to how little purpose it would be without this design. He praises *Diomed* for what he has said, but does it not without declaring, that he had not spoken fully to the purpose, but fallen short in some points, which he ascribes to his youth, and promises to supply them. Then after a long preamble, when he has turned himself several ways, as if he was sporting in a new and uncommon vein of oratory, he concludes by ordering the watch to their stations, and advising *Agamemnon* to invite the elders of the army to a supper, there, out of many counsels, to chuse the best. All this at first sight appears absurd; but we must know that *Nestor* too speaks in figure. *Diomed* seems to quarrel with *Agamemnon* purely to gratify him; but *Nestor* praises his liberty of speech, as it were to vindicate a real quarrel with the King. The end of all this is only to move *Agamemnon* to supplicate *Achilles*; and to that end he so much commends the young man's freedom. In proposing to call a council only of the eldest, he consults the dignity of *Agamemnon*, that he might not be exposed to make this condescension before the younger officers. And he concludes by an artful inference of the absolute necessity of applying to *Achilles* from the present posture of their affairs.

“ See what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,

“ How near our fleets approach the *Trojan* fires!

“ This is all *Nestor* says at this time before the general assembly of the *Greeks*; but in his next speech when the elders

In conduct, as in courage you excel, 75

Still first to act what you advise so well.

Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom
moves,

Applauding *Greece* with common voice approves.

Kings thou canst blame; a bold, but prudent
youth;

And blame ev'n Kings with praise, because with
truth. 80

And yet those years that since thy birth have run,

Would hardly style thee *Nestor's* youngest son.

Then let me add what yet remains behind,

A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind;

"only are present, he explains the whole matter at large,
"and openly declares that they must have recourse to *Achilles*."
Dion. Hal. περὶ ἰσχυρισμῶν, p. 2.

Plutarch de Laud. Poetis, takes notice of this piece of decorum in *Nestor*, who when he intended to move for a mediation with *Achilles*, chose not to do it in publick, but proposed a private meeting of the Chiefs to that end. If what these two great authors have said, be considered, there will be no room for the trivial objection some moderns have made to this proposal of *Nestor's*, as if in the present distress he did no more than impertinently advise them to go to supper.

§. 73. *O truly great!*] *Nestor* could do no less than commend *Diomed's* valour, he had lately been a witness of it when he was preserved from falling into the enemy's hands till he was rescued by *Diomed*. *Eustath.*

Age bids me speak; nor shall th' advice I
bring 85

Distaste the people, or offend the King :

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for publick rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monster, who delights in
war: 90

Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind destroy !

ψ. 87. *Curs'd is the man.*] *Nestor*, says the same author, very artfully brings in these words as a general maxim, in order to dispose *Agamemnon* to a reconciliation with *Achilles* : he delivers it in general terms, and leaves the King to make the application. This passage is translated with liberty, for the original comprises a great deal in a very few words, ἀφέντης, ἀτίμης, ἀνέτης. It will be proper to give a particular explanation of each of these : 'Αφέντης, says *Eustathius*, signifies one who is a vagabond or foreigner. The *Athenians* kept a register, in which all that were born were enrolled, whence it easily appeared who were citizens, or not ; ἀφέντης therefore signifies one who is deprived of the privilege of a citizen. 'Ατίμης is one who had forfeited all title to be protected by the laws of his country. 'Ανέτης, one that has no habitation, or rather, one that was not permitted to partake of any family sacrifice. For 'Εστία is a family Goddess ; and *Jupiter* sometimes is called Ζεύς ἑσυχός.

There is a sort of gradation in these words. 'Ατίμης signifies a man that has lost the privileges of his country ; ἀφέντης those of his own tribe, and ἀνέτης those of his own family.

This night, refresh and fortify thy train ;
 Between the trench and wall let guards remain :
 Be that the duty of the young and bold ; 95
 But thou, O King, to council call the old :
 Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares ;
 Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
 With *Thracian* wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
 For happy counsels flow from sober feasts. 100
 Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distressed,
 And such a Monarch as can chuse the best.
 See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
 How near our fleet approach the *Trojan* fires ! 104
 Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
 What eye beholds 'em, and can close to night ?
 This dreadful interval determines all ;
 To-morrow, *Troy* must flame, or *Greece* must
 fall.

†. 94. *Between the trench and wall.*] It is almost impossible to make such particularities as these appear with any tolerable elegance in poetry : and as they cannot be raised, so neither must they be omitted. This particular space here mentioned between the trench and wall, is what we must carry in our mind through this and the following book : otherwise we shall be at a loss to know the exact scene of the actions and counsels that follow,

Thus spoke the hoary sage : the rest obey ;
Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their
way. 110

His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
The gen'rous *Thrasymed*, in arms renown'd :
Next him, *Ascalaphus*, *Iälmen*, stood,
The double offspring of the Warriour-God.
Deïpyrus, *Aphareus*, *Merion* join, 115
And *Lycomed*, of *Creon*'s noble line.

Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold Chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall, 119
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The King of men, on publick counsels bent,
Conven'd the Princes in his ample tent ;
Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceast.

†. 119. *The fires they light.*] They lighted up these fires that they might not seem to be under any consternation, but to be upon their guard against any alarm. *Eustathius*.

†. 124. *When thirst and hunger ceast.*] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is very remarkable ; he does not fall into a long description of the entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and passes on to the consultation. *Eustathius*.

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Then *Nestor* spoke, for wisdom long approv'd, 125
And slowly rising, thus the council mov'd.

Monarch of nations! whose superiour sway
Assembled states, and Lords of earth obey,
The laws and icepters to thy hand are giv'n,
And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
O King! the counsels of my age attend; 13 f
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
Thee, Prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholsome motion be withstood 135
And ratify the best for publick good.
Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.

γ. 138. *And make the wisdom thine.*] *Eustathius* thought that *Homer* said this, because in council, as in the army, all is attributed to the Princes, and the whole honour ascribed to them: but this is by no means *Homer's* thought. What he here says, is a maxim drawn from the profoundest philosophy. That which often does men the most harm, is envy, and the shame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatness and capacity in following good advice, than in proposing it; by executing it, we render it our own, and we ravish even the property of it from its author; and *Eustathius* seems to incline to this thought, when he afterwards says, *Homer* makes him that follows good advice, equal

Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
 At once my present judgment, and my past. 140
 When from *Pelides'* tent you forc'd the maid,
 I first oppos'd, and faithful, durst dissuade;
 But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
 You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
 Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end, 145
 With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the King. With justice hast thou
 shown

A Prince's faults, and I with reason own.
 That happy man, whom *Jove* still honours most,
 Is more than armies, and himself an host. 150
 Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
 Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
 to him that gives it; but he has not fully expressed himself.
Dacier.

γ. 140. *At once my present judgment and my past.*] *Nestor* here by the word *πάδας*, means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel, in the first book: he says, as it was his opinion then, that *Agamemnon* ought not to disgrace *Achilles*, so after the maturest deliberation, he finds no reason to alter it. *Nestor* here launches out into the praises of *Achilles*, which is a secret argument to induce *Agamemnon* to regain his friendship, by shewing the importance of it. *Eustathius.*

γ. 151. *This wond'rous hero.*] It is remarkable that *Agamemnon* here never uses the name of *Achilles*: though he is re-

Fain wou'd my heart, which err'd thro' frantick
rage,

The wrathful Chief and angry Gods assuage.

If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, 155

Hear, all ye *Greeks*, and witness what I vow.

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,

And twice ten vases of refulgent mold ;

solved to court his friendship, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impression which the dissension made, is not yet worn off, though he expatiates in commendation of his valour. *Eustathius*.

γ. 155. *If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow.*] The Poet, says *Eustathius*, makes a wise choice of the gifts that are to be proffered to *Achilles*. Had he been ambitious of wealth, there are golden tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his resentment. If he had been addicted to the fair sex, there was a King's daughter, and seven fair captives to win his favour : or if he had been ambitious of greatness, there were seven wealthy cities, and a kingly power to court him to a reconciliation : but he takes this way to shew us that his anger was stronger than all his other passions. It is farther observable, that *Agamemnon* promises these presents at three different times ; first, at this instant ; secondly, on the taking of *Troy* ; and lastly, after their return to *Greece*. This division in some degree multiplies them. *Dacier*.

γ. 157. *Ten weighty talents.*] The ancient criticks have blamed one of the verses in the enumeration of these presents, as not sufficiently flowing and harmonious, the pause is ill placed, and one word does not fall easily into the other. This will appear very plain, if we compare it with a more numerous verse.

* Ἀχρον ἐπὶ ἑρμῖνος ἄλως πολλοῦ θέσπον.

* Αἰθωνας δὲ λέοντας ἑκάστοι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους.

Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame : 160
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in
 force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course :

The ear immediately perceives the musick of the former line ; every syllable glides smoothly away, without offending the ear with any such roughness, as is found in the second. The first runs as swiftly as the coursers it describes ; but the latter is a broken, interrupted, uneven verse. But it is certainly pardonable in this place, where the musick of poetry is not necessary ; the mind is entirely taken up in learning what presents *Agamemnon* intended to make *Achilles* : and is not at leisure to regard the ornaments of versification ; and even those pauses are not without their beauties, as they would of necessity cause a stop in the delivery, and so give time for each particular to sink into the mind of *Achilles*. *Eustathius*.

†. 159. *Sev'n sacred tripods.*] There were two kinds of tripods, in the one they used to boil water, the other was entirely for shew ; to mix wine and water in, says *Athenæus* : the first were called *κέντρας*, or cauldrons, for common use, and made to bear the fire ; the other were *ἀνύκτοι*, and made chiefly for ornament. It may be asked why this could be a proper present for *Achilles*, who was a martial Man, and regarded nothing but arms ? It may be answered, that these presents very well suited to the person to whom they were sent, as tripods in ancient days were the usual prizes in games, and they were given by *Achilles* himself in those which he exhibited in honour of *Patroclus* : the same may be said of the female captives, which were also among the prizes in the games of *Patroclus*. *Eustathius*.

†. 161. *Twelve steeds unmatch'd.*] From hence it is evident that games used to be celebrated in the *Grecian* army during

(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed)
 Sev'n lovely captives of the *Lesbian* line, 165
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
 The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When *Lesbos* sunk beneath the hero's arms :
 All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid ;
 With all her charms, *Brisëis* I resign, 171
 And solemn swear those charms were never mine ;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
 Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
 These instant shall be his ; and if the pow'rs 175
 Give to our arms proud *Ilion's* hostile tow'rs,
 Then shall he store (when *Greece* the spoil divides)
 With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race
 With copious love shall crown his warm em-
 brace, 180

the time of war ; perhaps in honour of the deceased heroes.
 For had *Agamemnon* given *Achilles* horses that had been victo-
 rious before the beginning of the *Trojan* war, they would by
 this time have been too old to be of any value. *Eustathius*.

Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen's* heavenly charms alone.

Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on *Argos'* fruitful shore,
There shall he live my son, our honours share, 185
And with *Orestes'* self divide my care.

Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;

Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,

And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden hair; 190

Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve,
I ask no presents, no reward for love:

γ. 189. *Laodice and Iphigenia, &c.*] These are the names of *Agamemnon's* daughters, among which we do not find *Electra*. But some affirm, says *Eustathius*, that *Laodice* and *Electra* are the same, (as *Iphianassa* is the same with *Iphigenia*) and she was called so either by way of sur-name, or by reason of her complexion, which was, ἡλέκηδες, *flava*; or by way of derision ἡλέκη quasi ἄλεκτον, because she was an old maid, as appears from *Euripides*, who says that she remained long a virgin.

Παρθένε, μακρὸν δὲ μῆκος ἡλέκηρα χρόνον.

And in *Sophocles*, she says of herself, Ἀνύμφηλος αἶψ' οἶχυνῶ, *I wander a disconsolate unmarried virgin*, which shews that it was ever looked upon as a disgrace to continue long so.

γ. 192. *I ask no presents — Myself will give the dow'r.*] For in *Greece* the bridegroom, before he married, was obliged to make two presents, one to his betrothed wife, and the

Myself will give the dow'r ; so vast a store,
 As never father gave a child before.
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess his sway, 195
 Him *Enope*, and *Pheræ* him obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred *Pedafus* for vines renown'd ;
Æpea fair, the Pastures *Hira* yields,
 And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields : 200
 The whole extent to *Pylos*' sandy plain,
 Along the verdant margin of the main.

other to his father-in-law. This custom is very ancient ; it was practised by the *Hebrews* in the time of the patriarchs. *Abraham's* servant gave necklaces and ear-rings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Isaac*, *Genesis* xxiv. 22. *Shechem* son of *Hamor* says to *Jacob* and his sons, whose sister he was desirous to espouse, " Ask me never so much dowry and gifts," *Genesis* xxxiv. 12. For the dowry was for the daughter. This present served for her dowry, and the other presents were for the father. In the first book of *Samuel* xviii. 25, *Saul* makes them say to *David*, who by reason of his poverty said he could not be son-in-law to the King : " The King desireth not any dowry." And in the two last passages, we see the presents were commonly regulated by the father of the bride. There is no mention in *Homer* of any present made to the father, but only of that which was given to the married daughter, which was called *νδα*. The dowry which the father gave to his daughter was called *μιδια* wherefore *Agamemnon* says here, *ἰπμιδια δώσω*. *Dacier*.

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There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil;
 There shall he reign with pow'r and justice
 crown'd, 205

And rule the tributary realms around.

All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.

Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares, 209
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,
 Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's abodes,
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.

Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway.

The monarch thus: the rev'rend *Nestor* then:
 Great *Agamemnon*! glorious King of Men! 216

γ. 209. *Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares.*] The meaning of this may be gathered from *Æschylus*, cited here by *Eustathius*.

Μόνος θεῶν θάνατος ὃ δῶρων ἱερᾷ,
 Οὐδ' ἂν τι θύων ὀδ' ἐπισπένδων λάβοις,
 Οὐδ' ἔστι βωμὸς, ὃδὲ παιωνίζεται.

“ Death is the only God who is not moved by offerings,
 “ whom you cannot conquer by sacrifices and oblations, and
 “ therefore he is the only God to whom no altar is erected,
 “ and no hymns are sung.”

Such are thy offers as a Prince may take,
 And such as fits a gen'rous King to make.
 Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
 (Myself will name them) to *Pelides'* tent : 220
 Let *Phœnix* lead, rever'd for hoary age,
 Great *Ajax* next, and *Ithacus* the sage.

§. 221. *Let Phoenix lead.*] How comes it to pass that *Phœnix* is in the *Grecian* camp : when undoubtedly he retired with his pupil *Achilles* ? *Eustathius* says, the ancients conjectured that he came to the camp to see the first battle : and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that *Achilles* would be impatient to know the event of the day, when he was himself absent from the fight : and as his revenge and glory were to be satisfied by the ill success of the *Grecians*, it is highly probable that he sent *Phœnix* to enquire after it, *Eustathius* farther observes, *Phœnix* was not an ambassador, but only the conductor of the embassy. This is evident from the words themselves, which are all along delivered in the dual number ; and farther, from *Achilles'* requiring *Phœnix* to stay with him when the other two departed.

§. 222. *Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.*] The choice of these persons is made with a great deal of judgment. *Achilles* could not but reverence the venerable *Phœnix* his guardian and tutor. *Ajax* and *Ulysses* had been disgraced in the first book, line 187, as well as he, and were therefore proper persons to persuade him to forgive as they had forgiven : besides, it was the greatest honour that could be done to *Achilles*, to send the most worthy personages in the army to him, *Ulysses* was inferiour to none in eloquence but to *Nestor*. *Ajax* was second to none in valour but to *Achilles*.

Ajax might have an influence over him as a relation, by descent from *Æacus* ; *Ulysses* as an orator : to these are joined

Yet more to sanctify the word you send,

Let *Hodius* and *Eurybates* attend. 224

Now pray to *Jove* to grant what *Greece* demands;

Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring.

The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,

And large libations drench'd the sands around. 230

The rite perform'd, the Chiefs their thirst allay,

Then from the royal tent they take their way;

Wise *Nestor* turns on each his careful eye,

Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:

Much he advis'd them all, *Ulysses* most, 235

To deprecate the Chief, and save the host.

Hodius and *Eurybates*, two heralds, which though it were not customary, yet was necessary in this place, both to certify *Achilles* that this embassy was the act of *Agamemnon* himself, and also to make these persons who had been witnesses before God and man of the wrong done to *Achilles* in respect to *Briseis*, witnesses also of the satisfaction given him. *Eustathius*.

γ. 235. *Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most.*] There is a great propriety in representing *Nestor* as so particularly applying himself on this occasion to *Ulysses*. Though he of all men had the least need of his instructions; yet it is highly natural for one wise man to talk most to another.

'Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar
Of murm'ring billows on the founding shore.

To *Neptune*, ruler of the seas profound, 239

Whose liquid arms the mighty globe furround,

They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,

And calm the rage of stern *Æacides*.

And now, arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay

The *Myrmidonian* tents and vessels lay ;

Amus'd at ease, the god-like man they found, 245

Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.

y. 246. *Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.*] “ *Homer* (says *Plutarch*) to prove what an excellent use may
“ be made of musick, feigned *Achilles* to compose by this
“ means the wrath he had conceived against *Agamemnon*. He
“ sung to his harp the noble actions of the valiant, and the
“ achievements of Heroes and Demigods, a subject worthy
“ of *Achilles*. *Homer* moreover teaches us in this fiction the
“ proper season for musick, when a man is at leisure and
“ unemployed in greater affairs. For *Achilles*, so valorous as
“ he was, had retired from action through his displeasure to
“ *Agamemnon*. And nothing was better suited to the mar-
“ tial disposition of this hero, than these heroick songs, that
“ prepared him for the deeds and toils he afterwards under-
“ took, by the celebration of the like in those who had
“ gone before him. Such was the ancient musick, and to
“ such purposes it was applied.” *Plut. of musick*. The same
author relates in the life of *Alexander*, that when the lyre of
Paris was offered to that Prince, he made answer, “ He had
“ little value for it, but much desired that of *Achilles*, on
“ which he sung the actions of heroes in former times.”

(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd *Thebæ*
came,

Of polish'd silver was its costly frame ;)

With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings

Th' immortal deeds of Heroes and of Kings. 250

Patroclus only of the royal train,

Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain :

Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,

In silence waiting 'till he ceas'd the song.

Unseen the *Grecian* embassy proceeds 255

To his high tent ; the great *Ulysses* leads.

Achilles starting, as the Chiefs he spy'd,

Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.

With like surprise arose *Menæti*'s son :

Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun. 260

Princes, all hail ! whatever brought you here,

Or strong necessity, or urgent fear ;

Welcome, tho' *Greeks* ! for not as foes ye came ;

To me more dear than all that bear the name.

†. 261. *Princes, all hail !*] This short speech is wonderfully proper to the occasion, and to the temper of the speaker. One is under a great expectation of what *Achilles* will say at the sight of these heroes, and I know nothing in nature that could satisfy it but the very thing he here accosts them with,

With that, the Chiefs beneath his roof he led,
 And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread. 266.
 Then thus — *Patroclus*, crown a larger bowl,
 Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry soul.
 Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
 Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

He said; *Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire, 271
 Heaps in a brazen vase three chins entire :

γ. 268. *Mix purer wine.*] The meaning of this word *Ζυρότερον* is very dubious; some say it signifies warm wine, from *ζω*, *serveo*: according to *Aristotle* it is an adverb, and implies to mix wine *quickly*. And others think it signifies pure wine. In this last sense *Herodotus* uses it. Ἐπὶ ζυρότερον βύδανται οἱ Σπαρτιάται πρὶν, ἰπποκύβισον λέγουσιν, ὡς ἀπὸ τῶν Σκυθῶν, οἱ, φησιν, εἰς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενοι πρώτους, ἰδὼντες τὸν Κλεομένην ἀκρατοποιοῦν. Which in *English* is thus: “When the *Spartans* have an inclination
 “to drink their wine pure and not diluted, they propose to
 “drink after the manner of the *Scythians*; some of whom
 “coming ambassadors to *Sparta*, taught *Cleomenes* to drink
 “his wine unmixed.” I think this sense of the word most natural, and *Achilles* might give this particular order not to dilute the wine so much as usually, because the ambassadors, who were brave men, might be supposed to be much fatigued in the late battle, and to want a more than usual refreshment, *Eustathius*. See *Plutarch. Symp.* l. iv. c. 5.

γ. 271. *Patroclus o'er the blazing fire, &c.*] The reader must not expect to find much beauty in such descriptions as these: they give us an exact account of the simplicity of that age, which for all we know might be a part of *Homer's* design; there being, no doubt, a considerable change of customs in *Greece*, from the time of the *Trojan* war to those

The brazen vase *Automedon* sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep and goat contains :

wherein our author lived ; and it seemed demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the *Greeks* an idea of the manners of their predecessors. But however that matter stood, it should, methinks, be a pleasure to a modern reader, to see how such mighty men, whose actions have survived their persons three thousand years, lived in the earliest ages of the world. The ambassadors found this hero, says *Eustathius*, without any attendants ; he had no ushers or waiters to introduce them, no servile parasites about him : the latter ages degenerated into these pieces of state and pageantry.

The supper also is described with an equal simplicity : three Princes are busied in preparing it, and they who made the greatest figure in the field of battle, thought it no disparagement to prepare their own repast. The objections some have made, that *Homer's* Gods and Heroes do every thing for themselves, as if several of those offices were unworthy of them, proceed from the corrupt idea of modern luxury and grandeur : whereas in truth it is rather a weakness and imperfection to stand in need of the assistance and ministry of others. But however it be, methinks those of the nicest taste might relish this entertainment of *Homer's*, when they consider these great men as soldiers in a camp, in whom the least appearance of luxury would have been a crime.

ψ. 271, *Patroclus o'er the blazing fire.*] Madam *Dacier's* general note on this passage deserves to be transcribed, “ *Homer*, says she, is in the right not to avoid these descriptions, because nothing can properly be called vulgar which “ is drawn from the manner and usages of persons of the first “ dignity ; and also because in his tongue even the terms “ of cookery are so noble, and of so agreeable a sound, and “ he likewise knows how to place them so well, as to extract “ a perfect harmony from them : so that he may be said to “ be as excellent a poet when he describes these small-matters, as when he treats of the greatest subjects. It is not

Achilles at the genial feast presides, 275
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Meanwhile *Patroclus* sweats the fire to raise ;
 The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze :
 Then, when the languid flame at length subside,
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide, 280
 Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns ;

“ so either with our manners, or our language. Cookery is
 “ left to servants, and all its terms so low and disagreeable,
 “ even in the sound, that nothing can be made of them, that
 “ has not some taint of their meanness. This great disadvantage
 “ made me at first think of abridging this preparation
 “ of the repast ; but when I had well considered it, I
 “ was resolved to preserve and give *Homer* as he is, without
 “ retrenching any thing from the simplicity of the heroick
 “ manners. I do not write to enter the lists against *Homer*,
 “ I will dispute nothing with him ; my design is only to give
 “ an idea of him, and to make him understood : the reader
 “ will therefore forgive me if this description has none of its
 “ original grace.”

†. 272. *In a brazen vase.*] The word *κεῖνον* signifies the vessel, and not the meat itself, as *Euphorion* conjectured, giving it as a reason that *Homer* makes no mention of boiled meat ; but this does not hinder but that the meat might be parboiled in the vessel to make it roast the sooner. This, with some other notes on the particulars of this passage, belong to *Eustathius*, and *Madam Dacier* ought not to have taken to herself the merit of his explanations.

†. 282. *And sprinkles sacred salt.*] Many reasons are given why salt is called sacred or divine, but the best is because it

With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board *Menæti*us' son bestow'd;
Himself, oppos'd t' *Ulysses* full in sight, 285
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
The first fat off'rings, to th' Immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames *Patroclus* threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress. 290
That done, to *Phœnix* *Ajax* gave the sign;
Not unperceiv'd; *Ulysses* crown'd with wine

preserves things incorrupt, and keeps them from dissolution.
“ So thunder (says *Plutarch Sympof. l. v. qu. 10.*) is called
“ divine, because bodies struck with thunder will not putrify;
“ besides generation is divine, because God is the principle
“ of all things, and salt is most operative in generation. *Ly-*
“ *cophron* calls it ἀγνίτης τὸν ἅλα: for this reason *Venus* was
“ feigned by the poets to spring from the sea.”

ψ. 291. *To Phœnix Ajax gave the sign.*] *Ajax*, who was a rough soldier and no orator, is impatient to have the business over: he makes a sign to *Phœnix* to begin, but *Ulysses* prevents him. Perhaps *Ulysses* might flatter himself that his oratory would prevail upon *Achilles*, and so obtain the honour of making the reconciliation himself: or if he were repulsed, there yet remained a second and third resource in *Ajax* and *Phœnix*, who might renew the attempt, and endeavour to shake his resolution: there would still be some hopes of success, as one of these was his guardian, the other his relation. One may farther add to these reasons of *Eustathius*, that it would have been improper for *Phœnix* to have spoken first, since he was not an ambassador; and therefore *Ulysses* was the

The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the God-like man.

Health to *Achilles*! happy are thy guests! 295
Not those more honour'd whom *Atrides* feasts:
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That *Agamemnon*'s regal tent affords;

fitter person, as being empowered by that function to make an offer of the presents, in the name of the King.

§. 295. *Health to Achilles!*] There are no discourses in the *Iliad* better placed, better timed, or that give a greater idea of *Homer*'s genius, than these of the ambassadors to *Achilles*. These speeches are not only necessarily demanded by the occasion, but disposed with art, and in such an order, as raises more and more the pleasure of the reader. *Ulysses* speaks the first, the character of whose discourse is a well-addressed eloquence; so the mind is agreeably engaged by the choice of his reasons and applications: *Achilles* replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the sentiments of the hero: *Phœnix* discourses in a manner touching and pathetick, whereby the heart is moved; and *Ajax* concludes with a generous disdain that leaves the soul of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleases, by the arrangement of his matter; and I believe it is not possible to propose a better model for the happy disposition of a subject. These words are *Monfieur de la Motte*'s, and no testimony can be more glorious to *Homer* than this, which comes from the mouth of an enemy.

§. 296. *Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts.*] I must just mention *Dacier*'s observation: with what cunning *Ulysses* here slides in the odious name of *Agamemnon*, as he praises *Achilles*, that the ear of this impetuous man might be familiarised to that name.

But greater cares fit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls. 300
 What scenes of slaughter in yon' fields appear!
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands:
 Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call; 305
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall:
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
 And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame!
 For them the Father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs. 310
 See, full of Jove, avenging *Hector* rise!
 See! Heav'n and earth the raging Chief defies;
 What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his
 eyes!
 He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame 314
 The ships, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* name.

ψ. 314. *He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame, The ships, the Greeks, &c.*] There is a circumstance in the original, which I have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an oration of this warmth and importance; but as it preserves a piece of antiquity, I must not forget it here. He says that *Hector* will not only fire the fleet, but bear off the statues of

Heav'ns! how my country's woes distract my mind,
Left fate accomplish all his rage design'd.

And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In *Trojan* dust, and this the fatal day?

Return, *Achilles*! oh return, tho' late, 320

To save thy *Greeks*, and stop the course of fate;

If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,

Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!

The day may come, when all our warriors slain,

That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.

Regard in time, O prince divinely brave! 326

Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.

When *Peleus* in his aged arms embrac'd

His parting son, these accents were his last.

My child! with strength, with glory and success,

Thy arms may *Juno* and *Minerva* bless!

Trust that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage

To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:

From gentler manners let thy glory grow,

And shun contention, the sure source of woe; 335

the Gods, which were carved on the prows of the vessels.
These were hung up in the temples, as a monument of vic-
tory, according to the custom of those times.

That young and old may in thy praise combine,
The virtues of Humanity be thine —

This, now despis'd advice, thy father gave;

Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.

If thou wilt yield to great *Atrides'* pray'rs, 340

Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;

If not — but hear me, while I number o'er

The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,

And twice ten vases of refulgent mold; 345

Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame

Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:

Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in
force,

And still victorious in the dusty course:

§. 342. *But hear me, while I number o'er The proffer'd presents.*] Monsieur de la Motte finds fault with Homer for making *Ulysses* in this place repeat all the offers of *Agamemnon* to *Achilles*. Not to answer that it was but necessary to make known to *Achilles* all the proposals, or that this distinct enumeration served the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any person of common taste, whether the solemn recital of these circumstances does not please him more than the simple narration could have done, which Monsieur de la Motte would have put in its stead. *Ulysses made all the offers Agamemnon had commissioned him.*

(Rich were the man, whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed) 351
Sev'n lovely captives of the *Lesbian* line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatched in form divine,
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
When *Lesbos* sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid, 356
And join'd with these the long contested maid ;
With all her charms, *Briseïs* he'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine ;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes, 360
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
These instant shall be thine ; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud *Ilion's* hostile tow'rs,
Then shalt thou store (when *Greece* the spoil divides)
With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides. 365
Besides, full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace ;
Such as thyself shall chuse ; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen's* heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther : when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on *Argos'* fruitful shore, 371

There shalt thou live his son, his honours
share,

And with *Orestes*' self divide his care.

Yet more — three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed; 375

Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,

And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden hair;

Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes ap-
prove;

He asks no presents, no reward for love:

Himself will give the dow'r; so vast a store, 380
As never father gave a child before.

Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,

Thee *Enope*, and *Pheræ* thee obey,

Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,

And sacred *Pedafus*, for vines renown'd: 385

Æpea fair, the pastures *Hira* yields,

And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields:

The whole extent to *Pylos*' sandy plain

Along the verdant margin of the main.

There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil; 390

Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.

There shalt thou reign with pow'r and justice
crown'd,

And rule the tributary realms around.

Such are the proffers which this day we bring,

Such the repentance of a suppliant King. 395

But if all this relentless thou disdain,

If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain ;

Yet some redress to suppliant *Greece* afford,

And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.

If no regard thy suff'ring country claim, 400

Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame :

For now that chief, whose unresisted ire

Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,

Proud *Hector* , now, th' unequal fight demands,

And only triumphs to deserve thy hands. 405

Then thus the Goddess-born. *Ulysses* hear

A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear ;

§. 406. *Achilles's speech.*] Nothing is more remarkable than the conduct of *Homer* in this speech of *Achilles*. He begins with some degree of coolness, as in respect to the ambassadors, whose persons he esteemed ; yet even there his temper just shews itself in the insinuation that *Ulysses* had dealt artfully with him, which in two periods rises into an open detestation of all artifice. He then falls into a fullen de-

What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make
good.

Let *Greece* then know, my purpose I retain : 410
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,
Which nor *Atrides*, nor his *Greeks* can bend ; 415
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the
same ;

Alike regretted in the dust he lies, 420
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo ! what fruit remains ?

claration of his resolves, and a more sedate representation of his past services ; but warms as he goes on, and every minute he but names his wrongs, flies out into extravagance. His rage, awakened by that injury, is like a fire blown by a wind that sinks and rises by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for those intermissions.

As the bold bird her helpless young attends, 424
 From danger guards them, and from want defends;
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
 And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
 For thankless *Greece* such hardships have I brav'd,
 Her wives, her infants by my labours sav'd;
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, 430
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample Cities on the Main,
 And twelve lay smoking on the *Trojan* Plain:

§. 424. *As the bold bird, &c.*] This simile (says *la Motte*) must be allowed to be just, but was not fit to be spoken in a passion. One may answer, that the tenderness of the comparison renders it no way the less proper to a man in a passion: it being natural enough, the more one is disgusted at present, the more to recollect the kindness we have formerly shewn to those who are ungrateful. *Eustathius* observes, that so soft as the simile seems, it has nevertheless its *fierté*; for *Achilles* herein expresses his contempt for the *Greeks*, as a weak defenceless people, who must have perished, if he had not preserved them. And indeed, if we consider what is said in the preceding note, it will appear that the passion of *Achilles* ought not as yet to be at the height.

§. 432. *I sack'd twelve ample Cities.*] *Eustathius* says, that the anger of *Achilles* not only throws him into tautology, but also into ambiguity: for, says he, these words may either signify that he destroyed twelve cities with his ships, or barely cities with twelve ships. But *Eustathius* in this place is like many other Commentators, who can see a meaning in a sentence, that never entered into the thoughts of an author. It is

Then at *Atrides*' haughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. 435
 Your mighty Monarch these in peace posselt;
 Some few my Soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some present too to ev'ry Prince was paid;
 And ev'ry Prince enjoys the gift he made;
 I only must refund, of all his train; 440
 See what preheminance our merits gain!
 My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
 My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
 But what's the quarrel then of *Greece* to *Troy*? 445
 What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
 What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cause?
 Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
 Belov'd by none but those of *Atreus*' race?
 The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
 Sure ev'ry wife and worthy man will love. 451

not easy to conceive how *Achilles* could have expressed himself more clearly. There is no doubt but δώδεκα agrees with the same word that ἑξήκοντα does, in the following line, which is certainly ὁδὸς; and there is a manifest enumeration of the places he had conquered by sea, and by land.

y. 450. *The wife whom choice and passion both approve, Sure ev'ry wife and worthy man will love.*] The argument of *Achilles*

Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
 Wrong'd in my love all proffers I disdain;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not Kings again. 455
 Ye have my answer — what remains to do,
 Your King, *Ulysses*, may consult with you.

in this place is very a-propos with reference to the case of *Agamemnon*. If I translated it *verbatim*, I must say in plain *English*, *Every honest man loves his wife*. Thus *Homer* has made this rash, this fiery soldier governed by his passions, and in the rage of youth, bear testimony to his own respect for the ladies. But it seems *Poltis* King of *Thrace* was of another opinion, who would have parted with two wives, out of pure good-nature to two mere strangers; as I have met with the story somewhere in *Plutarch*. When the *Greeks* were raising forces against *Troy*, they sent ambassadors to this *Poltis* to desire his assistance. He enquired the cause of the war, and was told it was the injury *Paris* had done *Menelaus* in taking his wife from him. “If that be all, said the good King, let me accommodate the difference: indeed it is not just the *Greek* Prince should lose a wife, and on the other side it is pity the *Trojan* should want one. Now I have two wives, and to prevent all this mischief, I'll send one of them to *Menelaus*, and the other to *Paris*.” It is a shame this story is so little known, and that poor *Poltis* yet remains uncelebrated: I cannot but recommend him to the modern Poets.

✧. 457. *Your King, Ulysses, may consult with you.*] *Achilles* still remembers what *Agamemnon* said to him when they quarrelled, *Other brave warriors will be left behind to follow me in battle*, as we have seen in the first book. He answers here without either sparing *Ajax* or *Ulysses*; as much his friends as they are, they have their share in this stroke of railery, *Eustathius*.

What needs he the defence this arm can make?
 Has he not walls no human force can shake?
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round, 460
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)
 Repel the rage of *Priam's* single son?
 There was a time ('twas when for *Greece* I fought)
 When *Hector's* prowess no such wonders wrought;
 He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait 466
 } *Achilles' fury* at the *Scæan* gate;
 He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by Fate.
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
 To-morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore, 470
 Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
 And hear with oars the *Hellefpont* resound.

ψ. 459. *Has he not walls?*] This is a bitter satire (says *Eustathius*) against *Agamemnon*, as if his only deeds were the making of this Wall, this Ditch, these Pallisades, to defend himself against those whom he came to besiege: there was no need of these retrenchments, whilst *Achilles* fought. But (as *Dacier* observes) this Satire does not affect *Agamemnon* only, but *Nestor* too, who had advised the making of these retrenchments, and who had said in the second Book, *If there are a few who separate themselves from the rest of the Army, let them stay and perish*, ψ. 346. Probably this had been reported to *Achilles*, and that *Hero* revenges himself here by mocking these retrenchments,

The third day hence, shall *Pthia* greet our sails,
If mighty *Neptune* send propitious gales ;

Pthia to her *Achilles* shall restore 475

The wealth he left for this detested shore :

Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,

The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass ;

My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,

And all that rests of my unravish'd prey. 480

One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,

And that resum'd ; the fair *Lyrnessian* slave.

§. 473. *The third day hence shall Pthia, &c.*] Monsieur de la Motte thinks the mention of these minute circumstances not to agree with the passionate character of the speaker ; that he shall arrive at *Pthia* in three days, that he shall find there all the riches he left when he came to the siege, and that he shall carry other treasures home. Dacier answers, that we need only consider the present situation of *Achilles*, and his cause of complaint against *Agamemnon*, and we shall be satisfied here is nothing but what is exactly agreeable to the occasion. To convince the ambassadors that he will return home, he instances the easiness of doing it in the space of three days. *Agamemnon* had injured him in the point of booty, he therefore declares he had sufficient treasures at home, and that he will carry off spoils enough, and women enough, to make amends for those that Prince had ravished from him. Every one of these particulars marks his passion and resentment.

§. 481. *One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave.*] The injury which *Agamemnon* offered to *Achilles* is still uppermost in his thoughts ; he has but just dismissed it, and now returns to it again. These repetitions are far from being faults in *Achilles's*

Then tell him ; loud, that all the *Greeks* may hear,
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear ;
 (For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves, 485
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves ;
 Tho' shameless as he is, to face these eyes
 Is what he dares not ; if he dares, he dies)
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join ; 490
 For once deceiv'd, was his ; but twice, were mine. }
 No — let the stupid Prince, whom *Jove* deprives
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives ;
 His gifts are hateful : Kings of such a kind
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind. 495

wrath, whose anger is perpetually breaking out upon the same injury.

§. 494. *Kings of such a kind Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.*] The words in the *Greek* are, *I despise him as a Carian*. The *Carians* were people of *Beotia*, the first that sold their valour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their pay. This was looked upon as the vilest of actions in those heroical ages. I think there is at present but one nation in the world distinguished for this practice, who are ready to prostitute their hands to kill for the highest bidder.

Eustathius endeavours to give many other solutions of this place, as that *καρὸς* may be mistaken for *ἐγκαρὸς* from *ἐγκαρ*, *pediculus* ; but this is too mean and trivial to be *Homer's* sentiment. There is more probability that it comes from *καρ*,

Not tho' he proffer'd all himself possest,
 And all his rapine could from others wrest;
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
 The many-peopled *Orchomenian* town;
 Not all proud *Thebes*' unrivall'd walls contain, 500
 The world's great Empress on th' *Ægyptian* plain,

καρὸς, and so καρὸς by the change of the *Eta* into *Alpha*; and then the meaning will be, that *Achilles* hates him as much as hell or death, agreeable to what he had said a little before:

Ἐχθρὸς μὲν μοι καὶνῶ ὁμῶς αἰῶας πύλῃσι.

§. 500. *Not all proud Thebes*', &c.] These several circumstances concerning *Thebes* are thought by some not to suit with that emotion with which *Achilles* here is supposed to speak: but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more usual for persons transported with anger, than to insist, and return to such particulars as most touch them; and that exaggeration is a figure extremely natural in passion. *Achilles* therefore, by shewing the greatness of *Thebes*, its wealth, and extent, does in effect but shew the greatness of his own soul, and of that insuperable resentment which renders all these riches (though the greatest in the world) contemptible in his sight, when he compares them with the indignity his honour has received.

§. 500. *Proud Thebes*' unrivall'd walls, &c.] "The city
 "which the *Greeks* call *Thebes*, the *Ægyptians* *Diospolis* (says
 "Diodorus, lib. i. par. 2.) was in circuit a hundred and forty
 "stadia, adorned with stately buildings, magnificent temples,
 "and rich donations. It was not only the most beautiful
 "and noble city of *Ægypt*, but of the whole world. The
 "fame of its wealth and grandeur was so celebrated in all
 "parts, that the poet took notice of it in these words;

(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,

— — — — — ἔδ' ὅσα Θήβας
Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κλήμασι καίται,
Αἰθ' ἱκαλόμυλοι εἰσι, δηκόσι δ' ἂν ἱάσῃ
Ἀνίρες ἱξοίχνησι σὺν ἵπποισι καὶ ὄχεσφι. γ. 381.

“ Though others affirm it had not a hundred gates, but several vast porches to the temples ; from whence the city was called the *Hundred-gated*, only as having many gates. Yet it is certain it furnished twenty thousand chariots of war ; for there were a hundred stables along the River, from *Memphis* to *Thebes* towards *Libya*, each of which contained two hundred horses, the ruins whereof are shewn at this day. The Princes from time to time made it their care to beautify and enlarge this city, to which none under the sun was equal in the many and magnificent treasures of gold, silver, and ivory ; with innumerable *Colossuses*, and obeliskes of one entire stone. There were four temples admirable in beauty and greatness, the most ancient of which was in circuit thirteen *stadia*, and five and forty cubits in height, with a wall of four and twenty feet broad. The ornaments and offerings within were agreeable to this magnificence, both in value and workmanship. The fabrick is yet remaining, but the gold, silver, ivory, and precious stones were ransacked by the *Persians*, when *Cambyses* burned the temples of *Ægypt*. There were found in the rubbish above three hundred talents of gold, and no less than two thousand three hundred of silver.” The same author proceeds to give many instances of the magnificence of this great city. The description of the sepulchres of their Kings, and particularly that of *Osymanduas*, is perfectly astonishing, to which I refer the Reader.

Strabo farther informs us, that the Kings of *Thebes* extended their conquests as far as *Scythia*, *Bactria*, and *India*.

Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars) 505
 Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number
 more

Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
 Should all these offers for my friendship call;
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.

Atrides' daughter never shall be led 510

(An ill-match'd consort) to *Achilles'* bed;
 Like golden *Venus* tho' she charm'd the heart,
 And vy'd with *Pallas* in the works of art.

Some greater *Greek* let those high nuptials grace,
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race. 515

If heav'n restore me to my realms with life,
 The rev'rend *Peleus* shall elect my wife;

Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
 And Kings that sue to mix their blood with
 mine.

Blest in kind love, my years shall glide away, 520
 Content with just hereditary sway;
 There deaf for ever to the martial strife,
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of Life.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
 Not all *Apollo's Pythian* treasures hold, 525
 Or *Troy* once held, in peace and pride of sway,
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
 Lost herds and treasures, we by arms regain,
 And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:
 But from our lips the vital spirit fled, 530
 Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
 My fates long since by *Thetis* were disclos'd,
 And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;

†. 525. *Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures.*] The temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos* was the richest temple in the world, by the offerings which were brought to it from all parts; there were statues of massy gold of a human size, figures of animals in gold, and several other treasures. A great sign of its wealth is, that the *Phocians* pillaged it in the time of *Philip* the son of *Amyntas*, which gave occasion to the holy war. It is said to have been pillaged before, and that the great riches of which *Homer* speaks, had been carried away. *Eustathius*.

†. 530. *The vital spirit fled, Returns no more.*] Nothing sure could be better imagined, or more strongly paint *Achilles's* resentment, than this commendation which *Homer* puts into his mouth of a long and peaceable life. That hero, whose very soul was possessed with love of glory, and who preferred it to life itself, lets his anger prevail over this his darling passion: he despises even glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his revenge at the same time; and rather than lay this aside, becomes the very reverse of himself.

†. 532. *My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd.*] It was very necessary for *Homer* to put the reader more than once in

Here, if I stay, before the *Trojan* town,

Short is my date, but deathless my renown: 535

mind of this piece of *Achilles's* story: there is a remark of *Monfieur de la Motte*, which deserves to be transcribed entire on this occasion.

“ The generality of people, who do not know *Achilles* by the *Iliad*, and who upon a most noted fable conceive him invulnerable all but in the heel, find it ridiculous that he should be placed at the head of heroes; so true it is, that the idea of valour implies it always in danger.

“ Should a giant, well armed, fight against a legion of children, whatever slaughter he should make, the pity any one would have for them, would not turn at all to any admiration of him; and the more he should applaud his own courage, the more one would be offended at his pride.

“ *Achilles* had been in this case, if *Homer*, besides all the superiority of strength he has given him, had not found the art of putting likewise his greatness of soul out of all suspicion.

“ He has perfectly well succeeded in feigning that *Achilles* before his setting out to the *Trojan* war, was sure of meeting his death. The destinies had proposed to him by the mouth of *Thetis*, the alternative of a long and happy, but obscure life, if he staid in his own state; or of a short, but glorious one, if he embraced the vengeance of the *Greek*. He wishes for glory in contempt of death; and thus all his actions, all his motions are so many proofs of his courage; he runs, in hastening his exploits, to a death which he knows infallibly attends him; what does it avail him, that he routs every thing almost without resistance? It is still true, that he every moment encounters and faces the sentence of his destiny, and that he devotes himself generously for glory. *Homer* was so sensible that this idea must force a concern for his hero, that he scatters it throughout his poem, to the end that the reader having it always in view, may esteem *Achilles* even for what he performs without the least danger.”

If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
 And warn the *Greeks* the wiser choice to make:
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy, 540
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
 Go then, to *Greece* report our fix'd design;
 Bid all your counsels, all your armies join, 545
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One Stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
 Ye find, *Achilles* is unconquer'd still.
 Go then — digest my message as ye may — 550
 But here this night let rev'rend *Phœnix* stay:
 His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in *Pthia's* friendly land.
 But whether he remain, or sail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free. 555

The son of *Peleus* ceas'd: the chiefs around
 In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,

Attend the stern reply. Then *Phœnix* rose ;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
 And while the fate of suff'ring *Greece* he mourn'd,
 With accent weak these tender words return'd. 561
 Divine *Achilles* ! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire ?
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
 How shall thy friend, thy *Phœnix*, stay behind ?

§. 565. *How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind ?* This is a strong argument to persuade *Achilles* to stay, but dressed up in the utmost tenderness: the venerable old man rises with tears in his eyes, and speaks the language of affection. He tells him that he would not be left behind him, though the Gods would free him from the burthen of old age, and restore him to his youth: but in the midst of so much fondness, he couches a powerful argument to persuade him not to return home, by adding that his father sent him to be his guide and guardian; *Phœnix* ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of *Achilles*, but *Achilles* the directions of *Phœnix*. *Eustathius*.

“ The art of this speech of *Phœnix* (says *Dionysius*, πρὸς ἰσχυρομένους, lib. i.) consists in his seeming to agree with
 “ all that *Achilles* has said: *Achilles*, he sees, will depart, and
 “ he must go along with him; but in assigning the reasons
 “ why he must go with him, he proves that *Achilles* ought
 “ not to depart. And thus while he seems only to shew his
 “ love to his pupil in his inability to stay behind him, he in-
 “ deed challenges the other's gratitude for the benefits he had
 “ conferred upon him in his infancy and education. At the
 “ same time that he moves *Achilles*, he gratifies *Agamemnon*;
 “ and that this was the real design which he disguised in

BOOK IX. HOMER'S ILIAD. 115

The royal *Peleus*, when from *Pthia*'s coast 566
 He sent thee early to th' *Achaian* host ;
 Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field :
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war ; 570
 To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.

“ that manner, we are informed by *Achilles* himself in the
 “ reply he makes : for *Homer*, and all the authors that treat
 “ of this figure, generally contrived it so, that the answers
 “ made to these kind of speeches, discover all the art and
 “ structure of them. *Achilles* therefore asks him,

“ Is it for him these tears are taught to flow ?

“ For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe ?

“ You see the scholar reveals the art and dissimulation of his
 “ master ; and as *Phœnix* had recounted the benefits done
 “ him, he takes off that expostulation by promising to di-
 “ vide his empire with him, as may be seen in the same
 “ answer.”

§. 567. *He sent thee early to th' Achian host.*] *Achilles* (says
Eustathius) according to some of the ancients, was but twelve
 years old when he went to the wars of *Troy*; (*ἐννέα ἔτη*) and
 it may be gathered from what the Poet here relates of the edu-
 cation of *Achilles* under *Phœnix*, that the fable of his being
 tutored by *Chiron* was the invention of later ages, and un-
 known to *Homer*.

Mr. *Bayle*, in his article of *Achilles*, has very well proved
 this. He might indeed, as he grew up, have learned musick
 and physick of *Chiron*, without having him formally as his
 tutor ; for it is plain from this speech, that he was put under
 the direction of *Phœnix* as his governour in morality, when
 his father sent him along with him to the siege of *Troy*.

Never, ah never let me leave thy side!
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
 Not tho' the God, that breath'd my life, restore
 The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, 575
 When *Greece* of old beheld my youthful flames,
 (Delightful *Greece*, the land of lovely dames.)
 My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
 Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
 I try'd what youth could do (at her desire) 580
 To win the damsel, and prevent my fire.

§. 578. *My father, faithless to my mother's arms, &c.*] *Ho-*
mer has been blamed for introducing two long stories into this
 speech of *Phœnix*; this concerning himself is said not to be in
 the proper place, and what *Achilles* must needs have heard
 over and over: it also gives (say they) a very ill impresson of
Phœnix himself, and makes him appear a very unfit person to
 be a teacher of morality to the young hero. It is answered,
 that though *Achilles* might have known the story before in
 general, it is probable *Phœnix* had not till now so pressing an
 occasion to make him discover the excess his fury had trans-
 ported him to, in attempting the life of his own father: the
 whole story tends to represent the dreadful effects of passion:
 and I cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it
 is drawn from his own experience.

§. 581. *To win the damsel.*] The counsel that this mother
 gives to her son *Phœnix* is the same that *Achitophel* gave to
Abshalom, to hinder him from ever being reconciled to *David*.
Et ait Achitophel ad Abshalom: ingredere ad concubinos patris
tui, quas dimisit ad custodiendam domum, ut cum audierit omnis
Israel quod fœdaveris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum.
 2 Sam. xiv. 20. *Dacier.*

My fire with curses loads my hated head,
 And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
 Infernal *Jove*, the vengeful fiends below,
 And ruthless *Proserpine*, confirm'd his vow. 585
 Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind!
 Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd?

†. 581. *Prevent my fire.*] This decency of *Homer* is worthy observation, who to remove all the disagreeable ideas, which might proceed from this intrigue of *Phœnix* with his father's mistress, took care to give us to understand in one single word, that *Amyntor* had no share in her affections, which makes the action of *Phœnix* the more excusable. He does it only in obedience to his mother, in order to reclaim his father, and oblige him to live like her husband: besides, his father had yet no commerce with this mistress to whose love he pretended. Had it been otherwise, and had *Phœnix* committed this sort of incest, *Homer* would neither have presented this image to his reader, nor *Peleus* chosen *Phœnix* to be governor to *Achilles*. *Dacier*.

†. 584. *Infernal Jove.*] The Greek is *Ζεύς τῆ καὶ ᾗδου*. The ancients gave the name of *Jupiter* not only to the God of heaven, but likewise to the God of hell, as is seen here; and to the God of the sea, as appears from *Æschylus*. They thereby meant to shew that one sole deity governed the world; and it was to teach the same truth, that the ancient statuaries made statues of *Jupiter*, which had three eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that manner in the court of his palace, which was there in *Laomedon's* time: after the taking of *Troy*, when the *Greeks* shared the booty, it fell to *Sthenelus's* lot, who carried it into *Greece*. *Dacier*.

†. 586. *Despair and grief distract, &c.*] I have taken the liberty to replace here four verses which *Aristarchus* had cut out, because of the horror which the idea gave him of a son

I thought (but some kind God that thought
supprest)

To plunge the poniard in my father's breast :

Then meditate my flight ; my friends in vain 590

With pray'rs entreat me, and with force detain,

On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,

They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant
wine :

who is going to kill his father ; but perhaps *Aristarchus's* niceness was too great. These verses seem to me necessary, and have a very good effect ; for *Phœnix's* aim is to shew *Achilles*, that unless we overcome our wrath, we are exposed to commit the greatest crimes : he was going to kill his own father, *Achilles* in the same manner is going to let his father *Phœnix* and all the *Greeks* perish, if he does not appease his wrath, *Plutarch* relates these four verses in his treatise of reading the poets ; and adds, "*Aristarchus* frightened at this horrible crime, cut out these verses ; but they do very well in this place, and on this occasion, *Phœnix* intending to shew *Achilles* what wrath is, and to what abominable excesses it hurries men, who do not obey reason, and who refuse to follow the counsels of those that advise them." These sort of curtailings from *Homer*, often contrary to all reason, gave room to *Lucian* to feign that being in the *Fortunate Islands*, he asked *Homer* a great many questions. " Among other things (says he in his second book of his *True History*) I asked him whether he had made all the verses which had been rejected in his poem ? He assured me they were all his own, which made me laugh at the impertinent and bold criticisms of *Zenodorus* and *Aristarchus*, who had re-trenched them."

Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine
nights entire;

The roofs and porches flam'd with constant
fire. 595

The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all;
And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence thro' spacious *Greece* extend;
In *Pthia's* court at last my labours end.

Your fire receiv'd me, as his son carefs'd, 600
With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions blefs'd.
The strong *Dolopians* thenceforth own'd my
reign,

And all the coast that runs along the main.

By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd: 605
Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.

Thy infant breast a like affection show'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)
Or at my knee, by *Phænix* would'st thou
stand; 110

No food was grateful but from *Phænix'* hand.

I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares ;
 The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And *Phœnix* felt a father's joys in thee : 615
 Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd ;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind ;
 The Gods (the only great, and only wise) 620
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice ;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.
Pray'rs are *Jove's* daughters, of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face ;

§. 612. *I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years.*] In the original of this place *Phœnix* tells *Achilles*, that as he placed him in his infancy on his lap, *he has often cast up the wine he had drank upon his cloaths*. I wish I had any authority to say these verses were foisted into the text : for though the idea be indeed natural, it must be granted to be so very gross, as to be utterly unworthy of *Homer* ; nor do I see any colour to soften the meanness of it : such images in any age or country, must have been too nauseous to be described.

§. 624. *Pray'rs are Jove's daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine allegory. We have here Goddesses of *Homer's* creation ; he sets before

With humble mien and with dejected eyes, 626

Constant they follow, where *Injustice* flies :

Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,

Sweepsthe wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,

While *Pray'rs*, to heal her wrongs, move slow

behind.

630

us their pictures in lively colours, and gives these fancied beings all the features that resemble mankind who having offered injuries have recourse to prayers.

Prayers are said to be the daughters of *Jove*, because it is he who teaches man to pray. They are lame, because the posture of a supplicant is with his knee on the ground. They are wrinkled, because those that pray have a countenance of dejection and sorrow. Their eyes are turned aside, because through an awful regard to heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow *Ate* or *Injury*, because nothing but prayers can atone for the wrongs that are offered by the injurious. *Ate* is said to be strong and swift of foot, &c. because injurious men are swift to do mischief. This is the explanation of *Eustathius*, with whom *Dacier* agrees; but when she allows the circumstance of lameness to intimate the custom of kneeling in prayer, she forgets that this contradicts her own assertion in one of the remarks on *Iliad* vii. where she affirms that no such custom was used by the *Greeks*. And indeed the contrary seems inferred in several places in *Homer*, particularly where *Achilles* says in the 608th verse of the eleventh book in the original, *The Greeks shall stand round his knees supplicating to him*. The phrases in that language that signify praying, are derived from the knee, only as it was usual to lay hold on the knee of the person to whom they supplicated.

A modern author imagines *Ate* to signify divine *Justice*; a notion in which he is single, and repugnant to all the Mythologists. Besides, the whole context in this place, and

Who hears these daughters of almighty *Jove*,
 For him they mediate to the throne above :
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The fire revenges for the daughters sake ;
 From *Jove* commission'd, fierce *Injustice* then 635
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
 Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway ;
 These reconciling Goddesses obey :
 Due honours to the seed of *Jove* belong ; 639
 Due honours calm the fierce and bend the strong.
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty King ;
 Nor *Greece*, nor all her fortunes should engage
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage. 644

the very application of the allegory to the present case of *Achilles*, whom he exhorts to be moved by prayers, notwithstanding the injustice done him by *Agamemnon*, makes the contrary evident.

§. 643. *Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes.*] *Plato* in the third book of his *Republic* condemns this passage, and thinks it very wrong, that *Phoenix* should say to *Achilles*, that if they did not offer him great presents, he would not advise him to be appeased : but I think there is some injustice in this censure, and that *Plato* has not rightly entered into the sense of *Phoenix*, who does not look upon these presents on the side of interest, but honour, as a mark of *Agamemnon*'s repentance, and of the satisfaction he is ready to make ; wherefore he

But since what honour asks, the Gen'ral sends,
And sends by those whom most thy heart com-
mends,

The best and noblest of the *Grecian* train ;

Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !

Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,

A great example drawn from times of old ; 650

says, that honour has a mighty power over great spirits.
Dacier.

§. 648. *Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !*] In the original it is—*τῶν μὴ σὺ γε μῦθον ἐλέγξης Μηδὲ πόδας.*—I am pretty confident there is not any manner of speaking like this used throughout all *Homer* ; nor two substantives so oddly coupled to a Verb, as *μῦθον* and *πόδας* in this place. We may indeed meet with such little affectations in *Ovid*,—*Aurigam pariter animâque rotisque, Expulit*——and the like ; but the taste of the ancients in general was too good for these fooleries. I must have leave to think the verse *Μηδὲ πόδας, &c.* an interpolation ; the sense is compleat without it, and the latter part of the line, *πρὶν δ' ἄτι μεσσέσθον κερχολῶσθαι*, seems but a tautology, after what is said in the six verses preceding.

§. 649. *Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold.*] *Phœnix*, says *Eustathius*, lays down, as the foundation of his story, that great men in former ages were always appeased by presents and entreaties ; and to confirm this position, he brings *Meleager* as an instance : but it may be objected that *Meleager* was an ill-chosen instance, being a person whom no entreaties could move. The superstructure of this story seems not to agree with the foundation. *Eustathius* solves the difficulty thus. *Homer* did not intend to give an instance of a hero's compliance with the entreaties of his friends, but to shew that they who did not comply, were sufferers themselves in

Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Where *Calydon* on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought th' *Ætolian* and *Curetian* bands ;
To guard it those, to conquer these advance ; 655
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance
The silver *Cynthia* bade *Contention* rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice ;
On *Oeneus'* fields she sent a monstrous boar,
That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore : 660
This beast, (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
Great *Meleager* stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.

the end. So that the connection of the story is thus: the heroes of former times were used always to be won by presents and entreaties; *Meleager* only was obstinate, and suffered because he was so.

The length of this narration cannot be taxed as unseasonable; it was at full leisure in the tent, and in the night, a time of no action. Yet I cannot answer but the tale may be tedious to a modern reader. I have translated it therefore with all possible shortness, as will appear upon a comparison. The piece itself is very valuable, as it preserves to us a part of ancient history that had otherwise been entirely lost, as *Quintilian* has remarked. The same great Critick commends *Homer's* manner of relating it: *Narrare quis significantius potest quam qui Curetum Ætolorumque prælia exponit?* lib. x. c. 1.

Strong as they were, the bold *Curetes* fail'd, 665
 While *Melager's* thund'ring arm prevail'd :
 'Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,
 (For rage invades the wisest and the best.)

Curs'd by *Althæa*, to his wrath he yields,
 And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields. 670
 " (She from *Marpessa* sprung, divinely fair,
 " And matchless *Idas*, more than Man in war ;
 " The God of day ador'd the mother's charms ;
 " Against the God the father bent his arms :
 " Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim, 675
 " From *Cleopatra* chang'd this daughter's name,
 " And call'd *Alcyone* ; a name to show
 " The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.")
 To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
 But found no peace from fierce *Althæa's* hate : 680

§. 677. *Alcyone* ; a name to show, &c.] It appears (says Madam Dacier) by this passage, and by others already observed, that the *Greeks* often gave names, as did the *Hebrews*, not only with respect to the circumstances, but likewise to the accidents which happened to the fathers and mothers of those they named : thus *Cleopatra* is called *Alcyone*, from the lamentations of her mother. I cannot but think this digression concerning *Idas* and *Marpessa* too long, and not very much to the purpose.

Althæa's hate th' unhappy warriour drew,
 Whose luckless hand his royal uncle flew ;
 She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
 On her own son to wreak her brother's death : 684
 Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
 And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
 In vain *Ætolia* her deliv'rer waits,
 War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
 She sent embassadors, a chosen band,
 Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land ; 690
 Besought the chief to save the sinking state :
 Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers
 great :

(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
 Half pasture green, and half with vin'yards
 crown'd.)

His suppliant father, aged *Oeneus*, came ; 695
 His sisters follow'd ; ev'n the vengeful dame,
Althæa sues ; his friends before him fall :
 He stands relentless, and rejects 'em all.
 Mean while the victor's shouts ascend the skies ;
 The walls are scal'd ; the rolling flames arise ; 700

At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
 With piercing cries, and supplicating tears ;
 She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown, 704
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd :
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
 Th' *Ætolians*, long disdain'd, now took their
 turn,

And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
 Nor stay, 'till yonder fleets ascend in fire : 710
 Accept the presents ; draw thy conqu'ring sword ;
 And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

‡. 703. *She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd.]*

It is remarkable with what art *Homer* here in a few words sums up the miseries of a city taken by assault.

It had been unpardonable for *Cleopatra* to have made a long representation to *Meleager* of these miseries, when every moment that kept him from the battle could not be spared. It is also to be observed how perfectly the features of *Meleager* resemble *Achilles* ; they are both brave men, ambitious of glory, both of them described as giving victory to their several armies while they fought, and both of them implacable in their resentment. *Eustathius*.

Thus he : the stern *Achilles* thus reply'd.
 My second father, and my rev'rend guide : 714
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands :
Jove honours me, and favours my designs ;
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines :
 And here I stay, (if such his high behest) 719
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.

§. 713. *Achilles's answer to Phoenix.*] The character of *Achilles* is excellently sustained in all his speeches : to *Ulysses* he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the *Trojan* shores in the morning : to *Phoenix* he gives a much gentler answer, and begins to mention *Agamemnon* with less disrespect *Ἀγαμέμνων ἥρωϊ* : after *Ajax* had spoken, he seems determined not to depart, but yet refuses to bear arms, till it is to defend his own squadron. Thus *Achilles's* character is every where of a piece : he begins to yield, and not to have done so, would not have spoke him a man ; to have made him perfectly inexorable, had shewn him a monster. Thus the Poet draws the heat of his passion cooling by slow degrees, which is very natural : to have done otherwise, had not been agreeable to *Achilles's* temper, nor the reader's expectation, to whom it would have been shocking to have seen him passing from the greatest storm of anger to a quiet calmness. *Eustathius*.

§. 720. *While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.*] *Eustathius* observes here with a great deal of penetration, that these words of *Achilles* include a sort of oracle, which he does not understand : for it sometimes happens, that men full of their objects say things, which, besides the sense natural and plain to every body, include another supernatural, which they themselves do not understand, and which is understood

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
 No more molest me on *Atrides'* part:
 Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
 For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe? 724
 A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
 One should our int'rests, and our passions be;
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.
 Do this, my *Phœnix*, 'tis a gen'rous part; 729
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
 Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
 Rest undetermin'd 'till the dawning day.

He ceas'd; then order'd for the sage's bed
 A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread.
 With that, stern *Ajax* his long silence broke, 735
 And thus, impatient, to *Ulysses* spoke.

by those only who have penetration enough to see through the obscurity of it. Thus *Oedipus* often speaks in *Sophocles*; and holy scripture furnishes us with great examples of enthusiastick speeches, which have a double sense. Here we manifestly see that *Achilles* in speaking a very simple and common thing, foretells without thinking of it, that his abode on that fatal shore will equal the course of his life, and consequently that he shall die there: and this double meaning gives a sensible pleasure to the reader. *Dacier.*

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
 See what effect our low submissions gain!
 Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
 The *Greeks* expect them, and our heroes wait. 740
 Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
 Stern, and un pitying! if a brother bleed,
 On just atonement, we remit the deed;
 A fire the slaughter of his son forgives; 745
 The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer
 lives :

γ. 737. *The speech of Ajax.*] I have before spoken of this short soldier-like speech of *Ajax*; *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* says of it, "That the person who entreats most, and with most liberty, who supplicates most, and presses most, is "*Ajax*." It is probable that *Ajax* rises up when he speaks the word, *Let us go*. He does not vouchsafe to address himself to *Achilles*, but turns himself to *Ulysses*, and speaks with a martial eloquence.

γ. 746. *The price of blood discharg'd.*] It was the custom for the murderer to go into banishment one year; but if the relations of the person murdered were willing, the criminal by paying them a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at home. (It may not be amiss to observe, that *ποῖον*, *quasi* *φόνον*, properly signifies a mulct paid for murder.) *Ajax* sums up this argument with a great deal of strength: We see, says he, a brother forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his son: but *Achilles* will not forgive the injury offered him by taking away one captive woman. *Eustathius*.

The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.

The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.

One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms: 751

Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.

Then hear, *Achilles*! be of better mind;

Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;

And know the men, of all the *Grecian* host, 755

Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

Oh Soul of battles, and thy people's guide!

(To *Ajax* thus the first of *Greeks* reply'd)

Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name

My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame: 760

‡. 754. *Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind.*] *Eustathius* says there is some difficulty in the original of this place. Why should *Ajax* draw an argument to influence *Achilles*, by putting him in mind to reverence his own habitation? The latter part of the verse explains the former: we, says *Ajax*, are under your roof, and let that protect us from any ill usage; send us not away from your house with contempt, who came hither as friends, as supplicants, as ambassadors.

‡. 759. *Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name My rage rekindles.*] We have here the true picture of an angry man, and nothing can be better imagined to heighten *Achilles*'s wrath; he owns that reason will induce him to a reconciliation, but his anger is too great to listen to reason. He speaks

'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave ;
 Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave !
 Return then heroes ! and our answer bear,
 The glorious combat is no more my care ;
 Not 'till amidst yon' sinking navy slain, 765
 The blood of *Greeks* shall dye the fable main ;
 Not 'till the flames, by *Hector's* fury thrown,
 Consume your vessels, and approach my own ;
 Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
 There cease his battle, and there feel our hand. 770

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
 And cast a large libation on the ground ;
 Then to their vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,
 The chiefs return ; divine *Ulysses* leads.
 Meantime *Achilles'* slaves prepar'd a bed, 775
 With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread :
 There, 'till the sacred morn restor'd the day,
 In slumbers sweet the rev'rend *Phænix* lay.

with respect to them, but upon mentioning *Agamemnon*, he flies into rage : anger is in nothing more like madness, than that madness will talk sensibly enough upon any indifferent matter ; but upon the mention of the subject that caused their disorder, they fly out into their usual extravagance.

BOOK IX. HOMER'S I L I A D. 133

But in his inner tent, an ampler space,
Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace 780
 Fair *Diomede* of the *Lesbian* race.

Last, for *Patroclus* was the couch prepar'd,
 Whose nightly joys the beauteous *Iphis* shar'd;
Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
 When *Scyros* fell before his conqu'ring arms. 785
 And now th' elected chiefs whom *Greece* had
 sent,

Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.
 Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
 The peers, and leaders of th' *Achaian* bands
 Hail'd their return: *Atrides* first begun. 790

Say what success? divine *Laertes'* son!
Achilles' high resolves declare to all;
 Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?

Great King of nations! (*Ithacus* reply'd)
 Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride; 795
 He slight's thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
 And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
 To save our army, and our fleets to free,
 Is not his care; but left to *Greece* and thee.

Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the
sky, 800

Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected *Troy*;
For *Jove* o'er shades her with his arm divine,
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine. 805
Such was his word : what farther he declar'd,
These sacred heralds and great *Ajax* heard.
But *Phœnix* in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns : if other he decree, 810
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

γ. 806. *Such was his word.*] It may be asked here why *Ulysses* speaks only of the answer which *Achilles* made him at first, and says nothing of the disposition to which the discourses of *Phœnix* and *Ajax* had brought him. The question is easily answered; it is because *Achilles* is obstinate in his resentment; and that, if at length a little moved by *Phœnix*, and shaken by *Ajax*, he seemed disposed to take arms, it is not out of regard to the *Greeks*, but only to save his own squadron, when *Hector*, after having putting the *Greeks* to the sword, shall come to insult it. Thus this inflexible man abates nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent in *Ulysses* to make this report to *Agamemnon*, to the end that being put out of hopes of the aid with which he flattered himself, he may concert with the leaders of the army the measures necessary to save his fleet and troops. *Eustathius*.

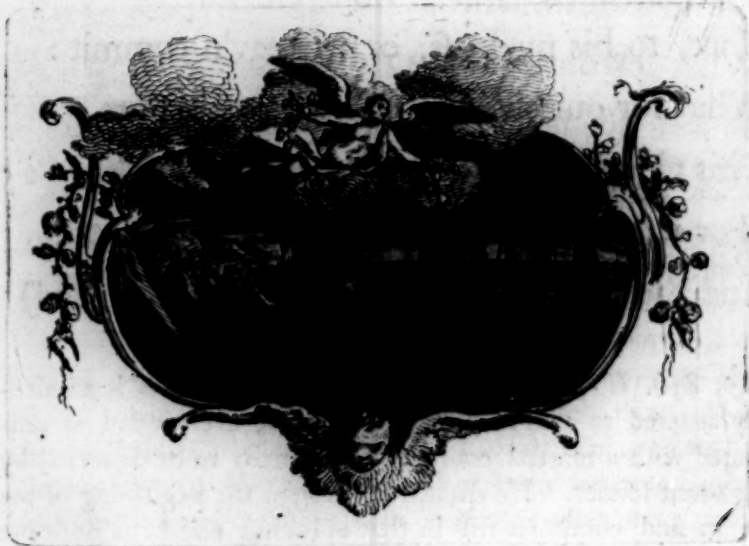
Ulysses ceas'd: the great *Achaian* host,
 With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
 Attend the stern reply. *Tydidēs* broke
 The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke. 815
 Why should we gifts to proud *Achilles* send?
 Or strive with pray'rs his haughty soul to bend?
 His country's woes he glories to deride,
 And pray'rs will burst that swelling heart with
 pride.

Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd; 820
 Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;
 Then let him arm when *Jove* or he think fit;
 That, to his madness, or to heav'n commit:
 What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
 This night, let due repast refresh our pow'rs; 825
 (For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
 And those are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)

* 816. *Why should we gifts, &c.*] This speech is admirably adapted to the character of *Diomed*, every word is animated with a martial courage, and worthy to be delivered by a gallant soldier. He advised fighting in the beginning of the book, and continues still in that opinion; and he is no more concerned at the speech of *Achilles* now, than he was at that of *Agamemnon* before.

But when the rosy messenger of day
 Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
 Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine, 830
 In flaming arms, a long extended line :
 In the dread front let great *Atrides* stand,
 The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the list'ning heroes raise,
 Then each to heav'n the due libations pays ; 835
 'Till sleep descending o'er the tents, bestows
 The grateful blessings of desir'd repose,





THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

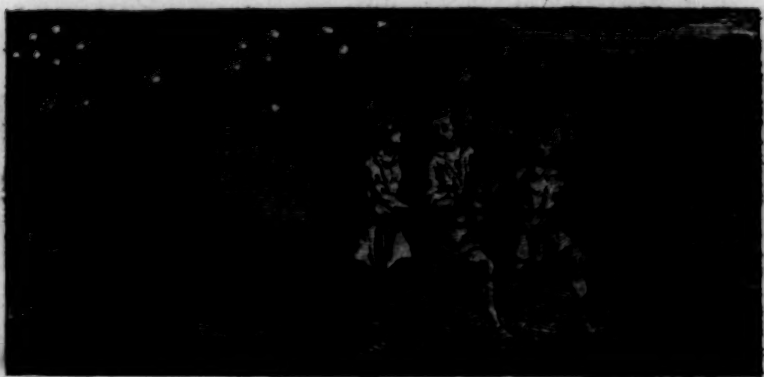


The A R G U M E N T.

The Night-Adventure of *Diomed* and *Ulysses*.

UPON the refusal of *Achilles* to return to the army, the distress of *Agamemnon* is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the publick safety. *Menelaus*, *Nestor*, *Ulysses*, and *Diomed*, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. *Diomed* undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of *Ulysses* for his companion. In their passage they surprise *Dolon*, whom *Hector* had sent on a like design to the camp of the *Grecians*. From him they are informed of the situation of the *Trojan* and auxiliary forces, and particularly of *Rhesus*, and the *Thracians* who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill *Rhesus*, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that Prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the Scene lies in the two camps.



THE
* T E N T H B O O K
OF THE
I L I A D.

ALL night the Chiefs before their vesse's lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the King; with various thoughts opprest,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.

* It is observable, says *Eustathius*, that the Poet very artfully repairs the loss of the last day by this nocturnal stratagem; and it is plain that such a contrivance was necessary: the army was dispirited; and *Achilles* inflexible; but by the success of this adventure the scale is turned in favour of the *Grecians*.

y. 3. *All but the King, &c.*] *Homer* here with a very small alteration repeats the verses which begin the second book:

As when by light'nings *Jove's* ætherial Pow'r 5
 Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty show'r,
 Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
 Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar ;
 By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
 And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires. 10
 So bursting frequent from *Atrides'* breast,
 Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.

he introduces *Agamemnon* with the same pomp, as he did *Jupiter* ; he ascribes to the one the same watchfulness over men, as the other exercised over the Gods, and *Jove* and *Agamemnon* are the only persons awake, while heaven and earth are asleep. *Eustathius*.

†. 7. Or send soft snows.] *Scaliger's* criticism against this passage, that it never lightens and snows at the same time, is sufficiently refuted by experience. See *Bossu* of the Epic poem, lib. iii. c. 7. and *Barnes's* note on this place.

†. 8. Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar.] There is something very noble and sublime in this image: the *vast jaws of war* is an expression that very poetically represents the voraciousness of war, and gives us a lively idea of an insatiate monster. *Eustathius*.

†. 9. By fits one flash succeeds, &c.] It requires some skill in *Homer* to take the chief point of his similitudes ; he has often been misunderstood in that respect, and his comparisons have frequently been strained to comply with the fancies of commentators. This comparison which is brought to illustrate the frequency of *Agamemnon's* sighs, has been usually thought to represent in general the groans of the King ; whereas what *Homer* had in his view, was only the quick succession of them.

Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys
 From thousand *Trojan* fires the mounting blaze;
 Hears in the passing wind their musick blow, 15
 And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
 Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
 Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.
 He rends his hairs, in sacrifice to *Jove*,
 And fues to him that ever lives above : 20
 Inly he groans ; while glory and despair ~
 Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.

A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves ;
 To seek sage *Nestor* now the Chief resolves,

¶ 13. *Now o'er the fields, &c.*] *Aristotle* answers a criticism of some censurers of *Homer* on this place. They asked how it was that *Agamemnon*, shut up in his tent in the night, could see the *Trojan* camp at one view, and the fleet at another, as the poet represents it? It is, (says *Aristotle*) only a metaphorical manner of speech ; to cast one's eye, means but to reflect upon, or to revolve in one's mind : and that employed *Agamemnon*'s thoughts in his tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before.

¶ 19. *He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove.*] I know this action of *Agamemnon* has been taken only as a common expression of grief, and so indeed it was rendered by *Accius*, as cited by *Tully*, *Tusc. Quæst.* l. iii. *Scindens dolore identidem intonsam comam*. But whoever reads the context will, I believe, be of opinion, that *Jupiter* is mentioned here on no other account than as he was applied to in the offering of these hairs, in an humble supplication to the offended deity, who had so lately manifested his anger.

With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate 25
 What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
 He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
 Next on his feet the shining sandals bound ;

§. 27. *He rose, and first he cast his mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the reader, to observe how well the poet at all times suits his descriptions to the circumstances of the persons ; we must remember that this book continues the actions of one night ; the whole army is now asleep, and *Homer* takes this opportunity to give us a description of several of his heroes suitable to their proper characters. *Agamemnon*, who is every where described as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preservation. *Menelaus*, for whose sake the *Greeks* had suffered so greatly, shares all their misfortunes, and is restless while they are in danger. *Nestor*, a provident, wise, old man, sacrifices his rest even in the extremity of age, to his love for his country. *Ulysses*, a person next to *Nestor* in wisdom, is ready at the first summons ; he finds it hard, while the *Greeks* suffer, to compose himself to sleep, but is easily awaked to march to their defence ; but *Diomed*, who is every where described as a daring warrior, sleeps unconcerned at the nearness of the enemy, and is not awaked without some violence : he is said to be asleep, but he sleeps like a soldier in complete arms.

I could not pass over *one* circumstance in this place in relation to *Nestor*. It is a pleasure to see what care the poet takes of his favourite counsellor : he describes him lying in a soft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preserve his age from the coldness of the night ; but *Diomed*, a gallant, young hero, sleeps upon the ground in open air ; and indeed every warrior is dressed in arms peculiar to that season : the hide of a lion or leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an enemy, but to meet their friends in council. *Eustathius*.

A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd ;
 His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held. 30
 Meanwhile his brother, prest with equal woes,
 Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
 Laments for *Greece* ; that in his cause before
 So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
 A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread ; 35
 A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head :
 Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
 To wake *Atrides* in the royal tent.
 Already wak'd, *Atrides* he descry'd,
 His armour buckling at his vessel's side. 40
 Joyful they met ; the *Spartan* thus begun :
 Why puts my brother his bright armour on ?
 Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
 To try yon' camp, and watch the *Trojan* pow'rs ?
 But say, what hero shall sustain that task ? 45
 Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask ;

*. 43. *Sends he some spy, &c.*] *Menelaus* in this place starts a design, which is afterwards proposed by *Nestor* in council ; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other ; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a design, which so venerable a counsellor had formed. *Eustathius*.

Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe.

To whom the King. In such distress we stand,
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand ; 50
Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.
For *Jove* averse our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to *Hector's* sacrifice.

What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd, 55
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as *Hector's* hand has done,
And we beheld, the last revolving sun ?

§. 57. *Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand, &c.*] We hear *Agamemnon* in this place launching into the praises of a gallant enemy ; but if any one think that he raises the actions of *Hector* too high, and sets him above *Achilles* himself, this objection will vanish, if he considers that he commends him as the bravest of mere men, but still he is not equal to *Achilles*, who was descended from a goddess. *Agamemnon* undoubtedly had *Achilles* in his thoughts when he says,

Sprung from no God, &c.

But his anger will not let him even name the man whom he thus obliquely praises.

Eustathius proceeds to observe, that the poet ascribes the gallant exploits of *Hector* to his piety ; and had he not been favoured by *Jove*, he had not been thus victorious.

He also remarks that there is a double tautology in this speech of *Agamemnon*, as *ἀθάνατος* and *δολεχών*, *μήματα μάλιστα*, and

What honours the belov'd of *Jove* adorn! 59
 Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born,
 Yet such his acts, as *Greeks* unborn shall tell,
 And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
 There call great *Ajax*, and the Prince of *Crete*;
 Ourself to hoary *Nestor* will repair; 65
 To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
 (For *Nestor's* influence best that quarter guides,
 Whose son with *Merion*, o'er the watch presides.)
 To whom the *Spartan*: These thy orders borne,
 Say shall I stay, or with dispatch return? 70
 There shalt thou stay, (the King of men reply'd)
 Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
 The paths so many, and the camp so wide. }
 Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,
 Urge by their father's fame, their future praise.

ἵστα ἱστᾶν. This proceeds from the wonder which the King endeavours to express at the greatness of *Hector's* actions: he labours to make his words answer the great idea he had conceived of them; and while his mind dwells upon the same object, he falls into the same manner of expressing it. This is very natural to a person in his circumstances, whose thoughts are as it were pent up, and struggle for an utterance.

ψ. 73. *The paths so many, &c.*] It is plain from this verse, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in

Forget we now our state and lofty birth ; 76
 Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
 To labour is the lot of man below ;
 And when *Jove* gave us life, he gave us woe.

This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares ; 80
 The King to *Nestor's* fable ship repairs ;
 The sage protector of the *Greeks* he found
 Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around ;
 The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears : 85
 The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
 Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary Monarch rais'd his eyes, and said, 89
 What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,
 While others sleep, thus range the camp alone ;
 Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel ?
 Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

some degree of perfection in *Homer's* days : here are lines drawn, that traverse the camp every way ; the ships are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and Sally ports made at proper distances, that they might without difficulty either retire or issue out, as the occasion should require. *Eustathius*.

§. 92. *Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel?*] It has been thought that *Nestor* asks this question upon the account

O son of *Neleus* (thus the King rejoin'd)
 Pride of the *Greeks*, and glory of thy kind! 95
 Lo here the wretched *Agamemnon* stands,
 Th' unhappy Gen'ral of the *Grecian* bands;
 Whom *Jove* decrees with daily cares to bend,
 And woes, that only with his life shall end! 99
 Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
 And scarce my heart support its load of pain.

of his son *Thrasymedes*, who commanded the guard that night. He seems to be under some apprehension lest he should have remitted the watch. And it may also be gathered from this passage, that in those times the use of the watch-word was unknown; because *Nestor* is obliged to croud several questions together, before he can learn whether *Agamemnon* be a friend or an enemy. The shortness of the questions agrees admirably with the occasion upon which they were made; it being necessary that *Nestor* should be immediately informed who he was, that passed along the camp: if a spy, that he might stand upon his guard; if a friend, that he might not cause an alarm to be given to the army, by multiplying questions. *Eustathius*.

†. 96. *Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands.*] *Eustathius* observes, that *Agamemnon* here paints his distress in a very pathetic manner: while the meanest soldier is at rest, the General wanders about disconsolate, and is superiour now in nothing so much as in sorrow: but this sorrow proceeds not from a base abject spirit, but from a generous disposition; he is not anxious for the loss of his own glory, but for the sufferings of his people: it is a noble sorrow, and springs from a commendable tenderness and humanity.

No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known ;
 Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
 With fears distracted, with no fix'd design ;
 And all my people's miseries are mine. 105
 If ought of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
 (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)
 Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend ;
 Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
 At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite, 110
 Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night :
 Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
 So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus *Nestor*. Trust the Pow'rs above,
 Nor think proud *Hector's* hopes confirm'd by
Jove : 115

How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
 And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind ?
 Audacious *Hector*, if the Gods ordain,
 That great *Achilles* rise and rage again,
 What toils attend thee, and what woes remain ? }
 Lo faithful *Nestor* thy command obeys ; 121
 The care is next our other Chiefs to raise :

Ulysses, *Diomed* we chiefly need ;
Meges for strength, *Oileus* fam'd for speed.
 Some other be dispatch'd of nimbler feet, 125 }
 To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
 Where lye great *Ajax*, and the King of *Crete*. }
 To rouse the *Spartan* I myself decree ;
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share 130
 With his great brother in his martial care :
 Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,
 Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you ;
 For strong necessity our toils demands, 134
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the King : With rev'rence we allow
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now,
 My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ; 139

ψ. 138. *My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind.*] *Agamemnon* is every where represented as the greatest example of brotherly affection ; and he at all times defends *Menelaus*, but never with more address than now : *Nestor* had accused *Menelaus* of sloth ; the King is his advocate, but pleads his excuse only in part : he does not entirely acquit him, because he would not contradict so wise a man as *Nestor* ; nor does he condemn him, because his brother at this time was not guilty ; but he

Thro' too much def'rence to our sov'reign sway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.

But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
Long e'er the rest, he rose, and fought my tent,
The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall; 145

Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.

Then none (said *Nestor*) shall his rule withstand,
For great examples justify command.

With that, the venerable warrior rose; 150
The shining greaves his manly legs inclose;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past. 155
The camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping croud,
Stopp'd at *Ulysses'* tent, and call'd aloud.

very artfully turns the imputation of *Nestor* to the praise of *Menelaus*; and affirms, that what might seem to be remissness in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that his seeming inactivity was but an unwillingness to act without command. *Eustathius.*

Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent. 159
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night?
O prudent chief! (the *Pylian* sage reply'd)
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd:
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought, 165
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold *Diomed* they found, 170
All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.
A wood of spears stood by, that fixt upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light.

†. 174. *A wood of spears stood by, &c.*] The picture here given us of *Diomed* sleeping in his arms, with his soldiers about him, and the spears sticking upright in the earth, has a near resemblance to that in the first book of *Samuel*, ch. xxvi. †. 7. *Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster; but Abner and the people lay round about him.*

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed ; 176

A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.

Then, with his foot, old *Nestor* gently shakes

The slumb'ring chief, and in these words awakes.

Rise, son of *Tydeus* ! to the brave and strong 180

Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.

But sleep'st thou now ? when from yon' hill the foe

Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below ?

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled ;

The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said, 185

Wond'rous old man ! whose soul no respite

knows,

Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.

Let younger *Greeks* our sleeping warriors wake ;

Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.

§. 182. *From yon' hill the foe, &c.*] It is necessary, if we would form an exact idea of the battles of *Homer*, to carry in our minds the place where our action was fought. It will therefore be proper to enquire where that eminence stood, upon which the *Trojans* encamped this night. *Eustathius* is inclinable to believe it was *Callicolone* (the situation of which you will find in the map of *Homer's* battles) but it will appear from what *Dolon* says, §. 487. (of *Hector's* being encamped at the monument of *Ilus*) that this eminence must be the *Tumulus* on which that monument was situate, and so the old scholiast rightly explains it.

My friend, (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy care, 190
 These toils, my subjects and my sons might
 bear,

Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
 To ease a sov'reign, and relieve a fire.

But now the last despair furrounds our host ;
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost ; 195
 Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
 Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life :
 Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
 Employ thy youth as I employ my age ;
 Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest ; 200
 He serves me most, who serves his country best.

†. 194. *But now the last despair surrounds our host.*] The different behaviour of *Nestor* upon the same occasion, to different persons, is worthy observation: *Agamemnon* was under a concern and dejection of spirit from the danger of his army: to raise his courage, *Nestor* gave him hopes of success, and represented the state of affairs in the most favourable view. But he applies himself to *Diomed*, who is at all times enterprising and incapable of despair, in a far different manner: he turns the darkest side to him, and gives the worst prospect of their condition. This conduct (says *Eustathius*) shews a great deal of prudence: it is the province of wisdom to encourage the disheartened with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears; that the valour of the one may not sink through despair, nor that of the other fly out into rashness.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders hung
 A lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung;
 Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along.

Megetes the bold, with *Ajax* fam'd for speed, 205
 The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
 A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd:
 Th' unwearied watch their list'ning leaders keep,
 And couching close, repel invading sleep. 210
 So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
 With toil protected from the prowling train;

§. 207. *And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard.*] It is usual in poetry to pass over little circumstances, and carry on the greater. *Menelaus* in this book was sent to call some of the leaders; the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing his message, but lets us know by the sequel that he had performed it. It would have clogged the poetical narration to have told us how *Menelaus* waked the heroes to whom he was dispatched, and had been but a repetition of what the poet had fully described before: he therefore (says the same author) drops these particularities, and leaves them to be supplied by the imagination of the reader. It is so in Painting, the Painter does not always draw at the full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the beholder.

§. 211. *So faithful dogs, &c.*] This simile is in all its parts just to the description it is meant to illustrate. The dogs represent the watch, the flock the *Greeks*, the fold their camp, and the wild beast that invades them, *Hector*. The

When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded
fold : 214

Thro'breaking woods her rust'ling course they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear
Of hounds and men ; they start, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry found.

Thus watch'd the *Grecians*, cautious of surprise,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and
eyes ; 220

Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hostile *Troy* was ever full in sight.

Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
And thus accosted thro' the gloomy shade.

'Tis well, my sons ! your nightly cares employ ;
Else must our host become the scorn of *Troy*. 226

place, posture, and circumstance, are painted with the utmost life and nature.

Eustathius takes notice of one particular in this description, which shews the manner in which their centinels kept the guard. The poet tells us that they *sat down with their arms in their hands*. I think that this was not so prudent a method as is now used ; it being almost impossible for a man that stands, to drop asleep, whereas one that is seated, may easily be overpowered by the fatigue of a long watch.

Watch thus, and Greece shall live—The hero
said ;

Then o'er the trench the following chieftans led.
His son, and god-like *Merion* march'd behind,
(For these the Princes to their council join'd) 230
The trenches past, th' assembl'd Kings around
In silent state the consistory crown'd.

A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The spot where *Hector* stop'd his rage before ;
When night descending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the *Grecian* band : 236
(The plain beside with mangled corpse was
spread,

And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There sat the mournful Kings : when *Neleus*' son
The council opening, in these words begun. 240

§. 228. *Then o'er the trench the following chieftans led.*] The reason why *Nestor* did not open the council within the trenches, was with a design to encourage the guards, and those whom he intended to send to enter the *Trojan* camp. It would have appeared unreasonable to send others over the entrenchments upon a hazardous enterprise, and not to have dared himself to set a foot beyond them. This also could not fail of inflaming the courage of the *Grecian* spies, who would know themselves not to be far from assistance, while so many of the princes were pass'd over the ditch as well as they. *Eustatbius*,

Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
 His life to hazard, and his country save?
 Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
 To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
 Or favour'd by the night approach so near, 245
 Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?

γ. 241. *Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave?*] *Nestor* proposes his design of sending spies into the *Trojan* army with a great deal of address: he begins with a general sentence, and will not choose any one hero, for fear of disgusting the rest: had *Nestor* named the person, he would have paid him a compliment that was sure to be attended with the hazard of his life; and that person might have believed that *Nestor* exposed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him decline; while the rest might have resented such a partiality, which would have seemed to give the preference to another before them. It therefore was wisdom in *Nestor* to propose the design in general terms, whereby all the gallant men that offered themselves satisfied their honour, by being willing to share the danger with *Diomed*; and it was no disgrace to be left behind, after they had offered to hazard their lives for their country. *Eustathius*.

γ. 244. *Or seize some straggling foe?*] It is worthy observation with how much caution *Nestor* opens this design, and with how much courage *Diomed* accepts it. *Nestor* forms it with coolness, but *Diomed* embraces it with warmth and resolution. *Nestor* only proposes that some man would approach the enemy and intercept some straggling *Trojan*, but *Diomed* offers to penetrate the very camp. *Nestor* was afraid lest no one should undertake it: *Diomed* overlooks the danger, and presents himself, as willing to march against the whole army of *Troy*. *Eustathius*.

If to besiege our Navies they prepare,
 Or *Troy* once more must be the seat of war?
 This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
 And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night; 250
 What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
 While *Phæbus* shines, or men have tongues to praise?
 What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
 What must not *Greece* to her deliv'rer owe?
 A fable ewe each leader should provide, 255
 With each a fable lambkin by her side;
 At ev'ry rite his share should be increas'd,
 And his the foremost honours of the feast.

Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydidēs spoke — The man you seek, is here. 260
 Thro' yon' black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
 Some God within commands, and I obey.
 But let some other chosen warrior join,
 To raise my hopes, and second my design.
 By mutual confidence, and mutual aid, 265
 Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made;
 The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
 And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose :

Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows : 270

So brave a task each *Ajax* strove to share,

Bold *Merion* strove, and *Nestor's* valiant heir ;

The *Spartan* wish'd the second place to gain,

And great *Ulysses* wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.

Then thus the king of men the contest ends : 275

Thou first of warriors, and thou best of Friends,

Undaunted *Diomed* ! what chief to join

In this great enterprise, is only thine.

Just be thy choice, without affection made ;

To birth, or office, no respect be paid ; 280

Let worth determine here. The Monarch spake,

And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

γ. 280. *To birth, or office, no respect be paid.*] *Eustathius* remarks, that *Agamemnon* artfully steals away his brother from danger ; the fondness he bears to him makes him think him unequal to so bold an enterprise, and prefer his safety to his glory. He farther adds, that the Poet intended to condemn that faulty modesty which makes one sometimes prefer a nobleman before a person of real worth. To be greatly born is an happiness, but no merit ; whereas personal virtues shew a man worthy of that greatness to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon these parties by night, or undertake those offices which are now only the task of common soldiers. *Gideon* in the book of *Judges* (as *Dacier* observes) goes as a spy into the camp of *Midian*, though he was at that time General of the *Israelites*.

Then thus (the God-like *Diomed* rejoin'd)
 My choice declares the impulse of my mind.
 How can I doubt, while great *Ulysses* stands 285
 To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
 A chief, whose safety is *Minerva's* care;
 So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
 Blest in his conduct, I no aid require;
 Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire. 290
 It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
 (Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame:

γ. 289. *Blest in his conduct.*] There required some address in *Diomed* to make his choice without offending the *Grecian* Princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refused such a place of honour. *Diomed* therefore chooses *Ulysses* not because he is braver than the rest, but because he is wiser. This part of his character was allowed by all the leaders of the army; and none of them thought it a disparagement to themselves as they were men of valour, to see the first place given to *Ulysses* in point of wisdom. No doubt but the Poet, by causing *Diomed* to make his choice, intended to insinuate that valour ought always to be tempered with wisdom; to the end that what is designed with prudence may be executed with resolution. *Eustathius*.

γ. 291. *It fits thee not, to praise me or to blame.*] The modesty of *Ulysses* in this passage is very remarkable; though undoubtedly he deserved to be praised, yet he interrupts *Diomed* rather than he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What *Diomed* spoke in praise of *Ulysses*, was uttered to justify his choice of him to the leaders of the army; otherwise the praise he had given him, would have been no better than flattery. *Eustathius*.

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

But let us haste — Night rolls the hours away, 295
The red'ning Orient shews the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.

§. 295. — — — *Night rolls the hours away,
The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.]*

It has been objected that *Ulysses* is guilty of a threefold tautology, when every word he uttered shews the necessity of being concise: if the night was nigh spent, there was the less time to lose in tautologies. But this is so far from being a fault, that it is a beauty: *Ulysses* dwells upon the shortness of the time before the day appears, in order to urge *Diomed* to the greater speed in prosecuting the design. *Eustathius*.

§. 298. *But a third remains.]* One ought to take notice with how much exactness *Homer* proportions his incidents to the time of action: these two books take up no more than the compass of one night; and his design, could not have been executed in any other part of it. The Poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightened by the fires of *Troy*, and consequently no spy could pass over to their camp, till they were almost sunk and extinguished, which could not be till near the morning.

It is observable that the Poet divides the night into three parts, from whence we may gather, that the *Grecians* had three watches during the night: the first and second of which were over, when *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out to enter the enemy's camp. *Eustathius*.

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,
 In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest. 300
 A two-edg'd falchion *Thrasymed* the brave,
 And ample buckler, to *Tydidēs* gave :
 Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
 Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread :
 (Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn; 305
 No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)

§. 301. *A two-edg'd falchion Thrasymed the brave, &c.]* It is a very impertinent remark of *Scaliger*, that *Diomed* should not have gone from his tent without a sword. The expedition he now goes upon could not be foreseen by him at the time he rose : he was awaked of a sudden, and sent in haste to call some of the Princes : besides, he went but to council, and even then carried his spear with him, as *Homer* had already informed us. I think if one were to study the art of cavilling, there would be more occasion to blame *Virgil* for what *Scaliger* praises him, giving a sword to *Euryalus*, when he had one before, *Æn.* ix. §. 303.

§. 303. *Then in a leathern helm.]* It may not be improper to observe how conformably to the design the Poet arms these two heroes : *Ulysses* has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the enemy at a distance, and so retard his flight till he could overtake him ; and for fear of a discovery, *Diomed* is armed with an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him. *Eustathius.*

There is some resemblance in this whole story to that of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* in *Virgil* : and as the heroes are here successful, and in *Virgil* unfortunate, it was perhaps as great an instance of *Virgil's* judgment to describe the unhappy youth in a glittering helmet, which occasioned his discovery, as it was in *Homer* to arm his successful one in the contrary manner.

Next him *Ulysses* took a shining sword,
 A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd :
 A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound
 (Thy gift, *Meriones*) his temples crown'd ; 310
 Soft wool within ; without, in order spread,
 A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
 This from *Amyntor*, rich *Ormenus'* son,
Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,
 And gave *Amphidamas* ; from him the prize 315
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties ;

ψ. 309. *A well-prov'd casque.*] Mr. *Barnes* has a pretty remark on this place, that it was probably from this description, *πῆλος ἀρῆς*, that the ancient Painters and tragick Poets constantly represented *Ulysses* with the *Pileus* on his head ; but this particularity could not be preserved with any grace in the translation.

ψ. 313. *This from Amyntor, &c.*] The succession of this helmet descending from one hero to another, is imitated by *Virgil* in the story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*.

- " *Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, & aurea bullis*
- " *Cingula ; Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim*
- " *Quæ mittit dona, hospitio cùm jungeret absens*
- " *Cædicus ; ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti :*
- " *Post mortem bello Rutuli pugnaque potiti."*

It was anciently a custom to make these military presents to brave adventurers. So *Jonathan* in the first book of *Samuel*, stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to *David* ; and his garments, even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle. Ch. xviii. ψ. 4.

The helmet next by *Merion* was possess'd,
 And now *Ulysses*' thoughtful temples press'd.
 Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
 And dark thro' paths oblique their progress take.
 Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent, 321
 A long-wing'd heron great *Minerva* sent :
 This, tho' furrounding shades obscur'd their view,
 By the shrill clang and whistling wings, they knew.
 As from the right she soar'd, *Ulysses* pray'd, 325
 Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid.

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield !
 O thou ! for ever present in my way,
 Who, all my motions, all my toils survey ! 330

γ. 326. *Ulysses* — *Hail'd the glad omen.*] This passage sufficiently justifies *Diomed* for his choice of *Ulysses*: *Diomed*, who was most renowned for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and so have been discouraged from proceeding in the attempt. For though it really signified, that as the bird was not seen, but only heard by the sound of its wings, so they should not be discovered by the *Trojans*, but perform actions which all *Troy* should hear with sorrow; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they discovered the bird by the noise of its wings, so they should be betrayed by the noise they should make in the *Trojan* army. The reason why *Pallas* does not send the bird that is sacred to herself, but the heron, is because it is a bird of prey, and denoted that they should spoil the *Trojans*. *Eustathius*.

Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
 Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd ;
 And let some deed this signal night adorn,
 To claim the tears of *Trojans* yet unborn.

Then god-like *Diomed* preferr'd his pray'r : 335
 Daughter of *Jove*, unconquer'd *Pallas* ! hear.

Great Queen of arms, whose favour *Tydeus* won,
 As thou defend'st the fire, defend the son.

When on *Æfopus*' banks the banded pow'rs 339
 Of *Greece* he left, and fought the *Theban* tow'rs,
 Peace was his charge ; receiv'd with peaceful show,
 He went a legate, but return'd a foe :

Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
 He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
 So now be present, Oh celestial maid ! 345

So still continue to the race thine aid !

A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
 Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
 With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
 Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns. 350

The Heroes pray'd, and *Pallas* from the skies,
 Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.

Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
 With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
 Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of
 slain.

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Nor less bold *Hector*, and the sons of *Troy*,
 On high designs the wakeful hours employ ;

ψ. 356. *Thro' dust, thro' blood, &c.*] *Xenophon* (says *Eustathius*) has imitated this passage ; but what the poet gives us in one line, the historian protracts into several sentences, *Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἔδοξε ἡ μάχη, παρὲν ἰδίῳ, τὴν μὲν γὰρ αἵματι πεφυμένον, &c.*
 “ When the battle was over, one might behold through the
 “ whole extent of the field, the ground dyed red with blood,
 “ the bodies of friends and enemies stretched over each other,
 “ the shields pierced, the spears broken, and the drawn
 “ swords, some scattered on the earth, some plunged in the
 “ bodies of the slain, and some yet grasped in the hands of
 “ the soldiers.”

ψ. 357. *Nor less bold Hector, &c.*] It is the remark of *Eustathius*, that *Homer* sends out the *Trojan* spy in this place in a very different manner from the *Grecian* ones before. Having been very particular in describing the council of the *Greeks*, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumstances, and passes it in general terms. In the first, a wise old man proposes the adventure with an air of deference ; in the second, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promises a small gift, but very honourable and certain ; the other a great one, but uncertain, and less honourable, because it is given as a reward. So that *Diomed* and *Ulysses* are inspired with the love of glory. *Dolon* is possessed with a thirst of gain : they proceed with a sage and circumspect valour, he with rashness and vanity ; they go in conjunction,

Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd ;
 Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd. 360
 What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
 Dares greatly venture for a rich reward ?
 Of yonder fleet a bold discov'ry make,
 What watch they keep, and what resolves they
 take ?

If now subdu'd they meditate their flight, 365
 And spent with toil neglect the watch of night ?
 His be the chariot that shall please him most,
 Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host ;
 His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
 And his the glory to have serv'd so well. 370

A youth there was among the tribes of *Troy*,
Dolon his name, *Eumedes'* only Boy.

he alone ; they cross the fields out of the road, he follows the common track. In all there is a contrast that is admirable, and a moral that strikes every reader at first sight.

§. 372. *Dolon his name.*] It is scarce to be conceived with what conciseness the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the shape, the swiftness of *Dolon*. He seems to have been eminent for nothing so much as for his wealth, though undoubtedly he was by place one of the first rank in *Troy* : *Hector* summons him to this assembly amongst the chiefs of *Troy* ; nor was he unknown to the *Greeks*, for *Diomed* immediately after he had seized him,

(Five girls beside the rev'rend herald told)
 Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;
 Not blest by nature with the charms of face, 375
 But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
 This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
 But first exalt thy scepter to the skies,
 And swear to grant me the demanded prize; 380-

calls him by his name. Perhaps being an herald, he had frequently passed between the armies in the execution of his office.

The ancients observed upon this place, that it was the office of *Dolon* which made him offer himself to *Hector*. The sacred character gave him hopes that they would not violate his person, should he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were sufficient to purchase his liberty; besides all which advantages, he had hopes from his swiftness to escape any pursuers. *Eustathius*.

†. 375. *Not blest by nature with the charms of face.*] The original is,

ὅς δὲ τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακὸς, ἀλλὰ ποδῶν.

Which some ancient criticks thought to include a contradiction, because the man who is ill-shaped can hardly be swift in running; taking the word εἶδος as applied in general to the air of the whole person. But *Aristotle* acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the face only, and that it was usual with the *Cretans* to call a man with a handsome face, εὐαδής. So that *Dolon* might want a good face, and yet be well-shaped enough to make an excellent racer. *Poet. c. 26.*

†. 380. *Swear to grant me, &c.*] It is evident from this whole narration, that *Dolon* was a man of no worth or cou-

Th' immortal coursers, and the glitt'ring car,
That bear *Pelides* thro' the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,

rage; his covetousness seems to be the sole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas *Diomed* neither desired any reward, nor when promised required any assurance of it; *Dolon* demands an oath, and will not trust the promise of *Hector*; he every where discovers a base spirit, and by the sequel it will appear, that this vain boaster instead of discovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traitor to his own. *Eustathius*.

§. 381. *Th' immortal coursers, and the glitt'ring car.*] *Hector* in the foregoing speech promises the best horses in the Grecian army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he proposed. *Dolon* immediately demands those of *Achilles*, and confines the general promise of *Hector* to the particular horses of that brave hero.

There is something very extraordinary in *Hector's* taking a solemn oath, that he will give the chariots and steeds of *Achilles* to *Dolon*. The ancients, says *Eustathius*, knew not whose vanity most to wonder at, that of *Dolon* or *Hector*; the one for demanding this, or the other for promising it. Though we may take notice, that *Virgil* liked this extravagance so well as to imitate it, where *Ascanius* (without being asked) promises the horses and armour of *Turnus* to *Nisus*, on his undertaking a like enterprise:

“Vidisti, quo *Turnus* equo, quibus ibat in armis,
“Aureus; ipsum illum, clypeum cristasque rubentes
“Excipiam forti, jam nunc tua præmia, Nise.”

Unless one should think the rashness of such a promise better agreed with the ardour of this youthful prince, than with the character of an experienced warrior like *Hector*.

Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way, 385
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden scepter high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky.

Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall: 390
By none but *Dolon* shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus *Hector* swore: the Gods were call'd in
vain,

But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:
A-cross his back the bended bow he flung, 395
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy furr his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shin'd.

Then (never to return) he fought the shore, 399
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and *Trojan* throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching
tread

Ulysses mark'd, and thus to *Diomed*,

O Friend ! I hear some step of hostile feet, 405
 Moving this way, or hast'ning to the fleet;
 Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;
 Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
 Yet let him pass, and win a little space; 410
 Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.
 But if too swift of foot he flies before,
 Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
 Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
 And intercept his hop'd return to *Troy*.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their
 head, 415

(As *Dolon* pass'd) behind a heap of dead;
 Along the path the spy unwary flew;
 Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue,
 So distant they, and such the space between,
 As when two teams of mules divide the green, 420

†. 419. — — — *Such the space between, As when two teams of mules, &c.*] I wonder *Eustathius* takes no notice of the manner of ploughing used by the ancients, which is described in these verses, and of which we have the best account from *Dacier*. She is not satisfied with the explanation given by *Didymus*, that *Homer* meant the space which mules by their swiftness gain upon oxen, that plough in the same field. † The *Grecians* (says she) did not plough in the manner now

(To whom the hind like shares of land allows)

When now new furrows part th' approaching
ploughs.

“ in use. They first broke up the ground with oxen, and
“ then ploughed it more lightly with mules. When they
“ employed two ploughs in a field, they measured the space
“ they could plough in a day, and set their ploughs at the
“ two ends of that space, and those ploughs proceeded to-
“ ward each other. This intermediate space was constantly
“ fixed, but less in proportion for two ploughs of oxen than
“ for two of mules; because oxen are slower, and toil more
“ in a field that has not been yet turned up, whereas mules
“ are naturally swifter, and make greater speed in a ground
“ that has already had the first ploughing. I therefore be-
“ lieve that what *Homer* calls *ἰνίστρα*, is the space left by the
“ husbandmen between two ploughs of mules which till the
“ same field: and as this space was so much the greater in a
“ field already ploughed by oxen, he adds what he says of
“ mules, that they are swifter and fitter to give the second
“ ploughing than oxen, and therefore distinguishes the field
“ so ploughed by the epithet of *deep*, *μεῖον βάθους* for that was
“ a certain space of so many acres or perches, and always
“ larger than in a field as yet untilld, which being heavier
“ and more difficult, required the interval to be so much the
“ less between two ploughs of oxen, because they could not
“ dispatch so much work. *Homer* could not have served
“ himself of a juster comparison for a thing that passed in the
“ fields; at the same time he shews his experience in the art
“ of agriculture, and gives his verses a most agreeable orna-
“ ment, as indeed all the images drawn from this art are
“ peculiarly entertaining.”

This manner of measuring a space of ground by a compa-
rison from ploughing, seems to have been customary in those
times, from that passage in the first book of *Samuel*, ch. xiv,
v. 14. *And the first slaughter which Jonathan and his ar-*

Now *Dolon* list'ning heard them as they past;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,
 'Till scarce at distance of a jav'lin's throw, 425

No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.

As when two skilful hounds the lev'ret wind;
 Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hind;
 Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
 And from the herd still turn the flying prey: 430
 So fast, and with such fears the *Trojan* flew;
 So close, so constant, the bold *Greeks* pursue.

Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
 And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
 When brave *Tydidēs* stopp'd; a gen'rous thought
 (Inspir'd by *Pallas*) in his bosom wrought, 436
 Lest on the foe some forward *Greek* advance,
 And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.

Then thus aloud: who'er thou art, remain;
 This jav'lin else shall fix thee to the plain. 440

He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
 Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;

*mour-bearer made, was about twenty men, within as it were
 half a furrow of an acre of land, which a yoke of oxen might
 plough.*

Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
 The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood;
 A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head; 445
 His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
 The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
 And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow. 450
 Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom *Ulysses* made this wise reply;
 Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.

†. 444. *Quiver'd as he stood, &c.*] The Poet here gives us a very lively picture of a person in the utmost agonies of fear: *Dolon's* swiftness forsakes him, and he stands shackled by his cowardice. The very words express the thing he describes by the broken turn of the *Greek Verses*. And something like it is aimed at in the *English*.

— — — — — ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔφη, τὰ φρονέειν τε
 βαυκαίνων· ἄρατος δὲ διὰ στόμα γινεῖτ' ἐδόνην.
 Χωρὸς ἦναι δίδω· —

†. 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.*] It is observable what caution the poet here uses in reference to *Dolon*: *Ulysses* does not make him any promises of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: so that when *Diomed* kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promise, and the spy was deceived rather by the art and subtlety of *Ulysses*, than by his

What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the
fight, 455

To roam the silent fields in dead of night?
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By *Hector* prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
Thro' heaps of carnage, to despoil the dead? 460

Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful look,
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)
Hither I came, by *Hector*'s words deceiv'd;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
No less a bribe than great *Achilles*' car, 465
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:
If now subdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight, 469
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?

falsehood. *Dolon*'s understanding seems entirely to be disturbed by his fears; he was so cautious as not to believe a friend just before without an oath, but here he trusts an enemy without so much as a promise. *Eustathius*.

§. 467. *Urg'd me unwilling.*] It is observable that the cowardice of *Dolon* here betrays him into a falsehood: though *Eustathius* is of opinion that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my judgment*.

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(*Ulysses*, with a scornful smile, replies)

Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand ;

Ev'n great *Achilles* scarce their rage can tame, 475
Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite !

Where lies encamp'd the *Trojan* chief to-night ?

Where stand his courfers ? in what quarter sleep

Their other Princes ? tell what watch they
keep : 480

Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are ;

Or here to combat, from their city far,

Or back to *Ilion's* walls transfer the war. }

Ulysses thus, and thus *Eumedes'* son :

What *Dolon* knows, his faithful tongue shall own.

Hector, the peers assembling in his tent, 486

A council holds at *Ilus'* monument.

§. 478. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The night was now very far advanced, the morning approached, and the two heroes had their whole design still to execute : *Ulysses* therefore complies with the necessity of the time, and makes his questions very short, though at the same very full. In the like manner when *Ulysses* comes to shew *Diomed* the chariot of *Rhesus*, he uses a sudden transition without the usual form of speaking.

No certain guards the nightly watch partake ;
 Where-e'er yon' fires ascend, the *Trojans* wake :
 Anxious for *Troy*, the guard the natives keep ; 490
 Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
 Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
 Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the *Trojan* train,
 (Enquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain? 495
 To whom the spy: Their pow'rs they thus
 dispose :

The *Pæons*, dreadful with their bended bows,

§. 488. *No certain guards.*] *Homer* to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us understand that the *Trojan* camp might easily be entered without discovery, because there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly through the security which their late success had thrown them into, and partly through the fatigues of the former day. Besides which, *Homer* gives us another very natural reason, the negligence of the auxiliar forces, who being foreigners, had nothing to lose by the fall of *Troy*.

§. 489. *Where-e'er yon' fires ascend.*] This is not to be understood of those fires which *Hector* commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the household fires of the *Trojans*, distinct from the auxiliars. The expression in the original is somewhat remarkable ; but implies those people that were natives of *Troy* : *ἰρία* and *ισχάρα* *αὐτῶς* signifying the same thing. So that *ἰρία ἔχον* and *ισχάρας ἔχον* mean to have houses or hearths in *Troy*. *Eustathius*.

The *Carians*, *Caucons*, the *Pelasgian* host,
And *Leleges* encamp along the coast.

Not distant far, lie higher on the land 500

The *Lycian*, *Myſian*, and *Mæonian* band,
And *Phrygia's* horſe, by *Thymbras'* ancient wall;
The *Thracians* utmoſt, and a-part from all.

Theſe *Troy* but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by *Rheſus*, great *Eioneus'* ſon: 505

I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow:

Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;

His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;

No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load, 510

Celeſtial *Panoply*, to grace a God!

Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,

Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,

In cruel chains; 'till your return reveal,

The truth or falſhood of the news I tell. 515

To this *Tydidēs*, with a gloomy frown:

Think not to live, tho' all the truth be ſhown:

Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife

To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?

Or that again our camps thou may'st explore?
No — once a traitor, thou betray'st no more. 521

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like light'ning swift the wrathful falchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; 525
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear;
These great *Ulysses* lifting to the skies, 530
To fav'ring *Pallas* dedicates the prize.

Great queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the *Thracian* steeds reward our toil:
Thee first of all the heav'nly host we praise;
O speed our labours, and direct our ways! 535
This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;

γ. 525. *Divides the neck.*] It may seem a piece of barbarity in *Diomed* to kill *Dolon* thus, in the very act of supplicating for mercy. *Eustathius* answers, that it was very necessary that it should be so, for fear, if he had deferred his death, he might have cried out to the *Trojans*, who hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the
plain,

To guide their footsteps to the place again. 539

Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,
Arriving where the *Thracian* squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day.

Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate
band :

The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand ; 545

Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,

Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd ;

Amidst lay *Rhesus*, stretch'd in sleep profound,

And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.

The welcome sight *Ulysses* first descries, 650

And points to *Diomed* the tempting prize.

The man, the courfers, and the car behold !

Describ'd by *Dolon*, with the arms of gold.

Now, brave *Tydid*es ! now thy courage try,

Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie ; 555

Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,

Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
 Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous
 arms;

Where e'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursu'd; 560
 His thirsty falchion, fat with hostile blood,
 Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
 And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the shore.

So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
 O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen; 565

On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.

Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
 'Till twelve lay breathless of the *Thracian* band.

Ulysses following, as his Part'ner slew, 570

Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;

The milk-white couriers studious to convey

Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;

Left the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,

Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead. 575

Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they
 found;

Tydidēs' falchion fix'd him to the ground.

Just then a deathful dream *Minerva* sent;
 A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
 Whose visionary steel his bosom tore : 580
 So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
 These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
 (The scourge forgot, on *Rhesus*' chariot hung.) 585
 Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
 But him, new dangers, new achievements fire:
 Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
 To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
 Drag off the car where *Rhesus*' armour lay,
 Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
 While unresolv'd the son of *Tydeus* stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

§. 578. *Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent.*] All the circumstances of this action, the night, *Rhesus* buried in a profound sleep, and *Diomed* with the sword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince, furnished *Homer* with the idea of this fiction, which represents *Rhesus* dying fast-asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. This image is very natural, for a man in this condition awakes no farther than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. *Eustathius, Dacier.*

Enough, my son, from farther slaughter cease,
 Regard thy safety, and depart in peace; 595
 Hasten to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
 Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of *Troy*.

The voice divine confess'd the martial maid;
 In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
 The coursers fly before *Ulysses'* bow, 600
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd: the God of light
 Had watch'd his *Troy*, and mark'd *Minerva's* flight;
 Saw *Tydeus'* son with heav'nly succour blest,
 And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast. 605
 Swift to the *Trojan* camp descends the pow'r,
 And wakes *Hippocoön* in the morning-hour,
 (On *Rhesus'* side accusom'd to attend,
 A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend.)

He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood, 610
 An empty space where late the coursers stood,
 The yet-warm *Thracians* panting on the coast;
 For each he wept, but for his *Rhesus* most:

*. 607. And wakes Hippocoön.] *Apollon's* waking the *Trojans* is only an allegory to imply that the light of the morning awakened them. *Engelbadius*.

Now while on *Rhesus*' name he calls in vain,
 The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain; 615
 On heaps the *Trojans* rush, with wild affright,
 And wond'ring view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade
 Where late the spoils of *Heetor*'s spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd; to him *Tydidēs* bore 620
 The trophy, dropping yet with *Dolon*'s gore:
 Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
 The courfers ply, and thunder tow'rd's the fleet.

Old *Nestor* first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
 Bespeaking thus the *Grecian* peers around. 625

§. 624. *Old Nestor first perceiv'd, &c.*] It may with an appearance of reason be asked, whence it could be that *Nestor*, whose sense of hearing might be supposed to be impaired by his great age, should be the first person among so many youthful warriors who hears the tread of the horses feet at a distance? *Eustathius* answers, that *Nestor* had a particular concern for the safety of *Diomed* and *Ulysses* on this occasion, as he was the person who, by proposing the undertaking, had exposed them to a very signal danger; and consequently his extraordinary care for their preservation, did more than supply the disadvantage of his age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old man breaks out into a transport at the sight of them, and in a wild sort of joy asks some questions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy surprise, *Eustathius*.

Methinks the noise of tramp'ling steeds I hear,
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
Perhaps some horses of the *Trojan* breed

(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes succeed)

The great *Tydidēs* and *Ulysses* bear, 630

Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.

Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)

The chiefs out-number'd by the *Trojan* train;

Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the shore;

Or oh! perhaps those heroes are no more. 635

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And spring to earth; the *Greeks* dismiss their
fear:

With words of friendship and extended hands

They greet the Kings; and *Nestor* first demands:

Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
Thou living glory of the *Grecian* name! 641

Say whence these couriers? by what chance be-
stow'd,

The spoil of foes, or present of a God?

Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,

That draw the burning chariot of the day. 645

Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
 And daily mingle in the martial field;
 But sure 'till now no courfers struck my fight
 Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
 Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
 Blest as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies; 651
 The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
 And * her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father! not so, (sage *Ithacus* rejoin'd)
 The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind. 655
 Of *Thracian* lineage are the steeds ye view,
 Whose hostile King the brave *Tydidēs* flew;
 Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
 And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.

* *Minerva.*

‡. 656. *Of Thracian lineage, &c.*] It is observable, says *Eustathius*, that *Homer* in this place unravels the series of this night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former narration. This is partly occasioned by a necessity of *Nestor's* enquiries, and partly to relate the same thing in a different way, that he might not tire the reader with an exact repetition of what he knew before.

‡. 659. *And twelve beside, &c.*] How comes it to pass that the Poet should here call *Dolon* the thirteenth that was slain, whereas he had already numbered up thirteen besides him? *Eustathius* answers, that he mentions *Rhesus* by himself, by way of eminence. Then coming to recount the *Thracians*,

These other spoils from conquer'd *Dolon* came, 660
 A wretch, whose swiftneſs was his only fame,
 By *Hector* ſent our forces to explore,
 He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers
 flew ;
 The joyful *Greeks* with loud acclaim purſue. 665
 Straight to *Tydidēs*' high pavilion borne,
 The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn :
 The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
 And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous
 wheat.

But *Dolon*'s armour, to his ſhips convey'd, 670 }
 High on the painted ſtern *Ulyſſes* laid, }
 A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd maid. }

Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
 They cleanſe their bodies in the neighb'ring
 main :

he reckons twelve of them ; ſo that taking *Rheſus* ſeparately,
Dolon will make the thirteenth.

ſ. 674. *They cleanſe their bodies in the main, &c.*] We have
 here a regimen very agreeable to the ſimplicity and aſterity
 of the old heroick times. Theſe warriors plunge into the

Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from
toil, 675

Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to *Pallas* the libations pour :

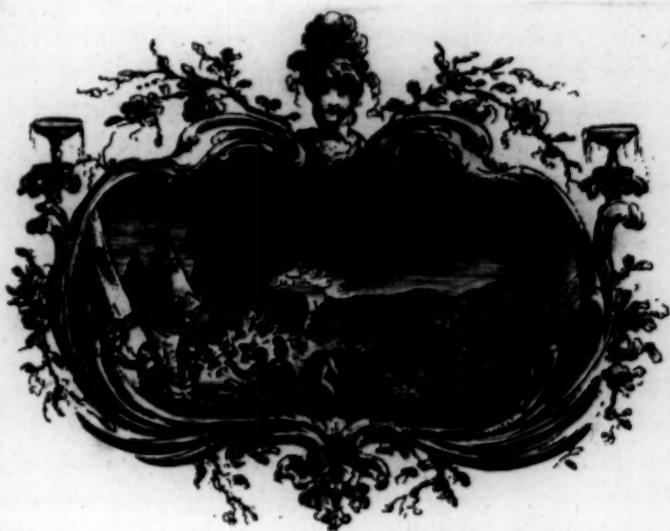
sea to wash themselves ; for the salt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which by softening and moistening the flesh prevents too great a dissipation, and restores the natural strength. *Eustathius*.

§. 677. *In due repast, &c.*] It appears from hence with what preciseness *Homer* distinguishes the time of these actions. It is evident from this passage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light ; that being the time of taking such a repast as is here described.

I cannot conclude the notes to this book without observing, that what seems the principal beauty of it, and what distinguishes it among all the others, is the liveliness of its Paintings : the reader sees the most natural night scene in the world ; he is led step by step with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations, and uncertainties. We see the very colour of the sky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the heroes are arming, our imagination steals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the secret wishes of their hearts sent up to *Minerva*. We are alarmed at the approach of *Dolon*, hear his very footsteps, assist the two chiefs in pursuing him, and stop just with the spear that arrests him. We are perfectly acquainted with the situation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the disposition of *Rhesus* and the *Thracians*, with the posture of his chariot and horses. The marshy spot of ground where *Dolon* is killed, the tamarisk, or

They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of
wine. 680

aquatick Plants upon which they hang his spoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumstances the most *picturesque* imaginable. And though it must be owned, that the human figures in this piece are excellent, and disposed in the properest actions; I cannot but confess my opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the prospect, a finer than which was never drawn by any pencil.





THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.



The A R G U M E N T.

The third battle, and the acts of *Agamemnon*.

A G A M E M N O N having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the King shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit Him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.



THE
* ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from *Tithonus*' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal fight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light:

* As *Homer*'s invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diversified, so his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintained. But this exactness must be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct through the whole: and when the particulars of each character are laid together, we shall find them

When baleful *Eris*, sent by *Jove's* command, 5
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,

all proceeding from the same temper and disposition of the person. If this observation be neglected, the Poet's conduct will lose much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleasant to the reader, to consider the picture of *Agamemnon*, drawn by so masterly an hand as that of *Homer*, in its full length, after having seen him in several views and lights since the beginning of the poem.

He is a master of policy and stratagem, and maintains a good understanding with his council; which was but necessary, considering how many different, independent nations and interests he had to manage: he seems fully conscious of his own superiour authority, and always knows the time when to exert it: he is personally very valiant, but not without some mixture of fierceness: highly resentful of the injuries done his family, even more than *Menelaus* himself: warm both in his passions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In short, he is (as *Homer* himself in another place describes him) both a good King, and a great Warriour.

Ἀμφοτέρων, βασιλεὺς τ' ἀγαθός, κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

It is very observable how this hero rises in the esteem of the reader as the poem advances: it opens with many circumstances very much to the disadvantage of his character; he insults the priest of *Apollo*, and outrages *Achilles*: but in the second book he grows sensible of the effects of his rashness, and takes the fault entirely upon himself: in the fourth he shews himself a skilful commander, by exhorting, reproving, and performing all the offices of a good general: in the eighth he is deeply touched by the sufferings of his army, and makes all the peoples calamities his own: in the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himself to *Achilles*, and condescends to be the petitioner, because it is for the publick good: in the tenth finding those endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake, in contriving all possible methods to

Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
 And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
 High on *Ulysses'* bark, her horrid stand
 She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land. 10
 Ev'n *Ajax* and *Achilles* heard the sound,
 Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
 Thence the black Fury thro' the *Grecian* throng
 With horror sounds the loud *Orthian* song:

assist them: and now in the eleventh, as it were resolving himself to supply the want of *Achilles*, he grows prodigiously in his valour, and performs wonders in his single person.

Thus we see *Agamemnon* continually winning upon our esteem, as we grow acquainted with him; so that he seems to be like that Goddess the Poet describes, who was low at the first, but rising by degrees, at last reaches the very heavens.

§. 5. *When baleful Eris, &c.*] With what a wonderful sublimity does the Poet begin this book? He awakens the reader's curiosity, and sounds an alarm to the approaching battle. With what magnificence does he usher in the deeds of *Agamemnon*? He seems for a while to have lost all view of the main battle, and lets the whole action of the poem stand still, to attend the motions of this single hero. Instead of a herald, he brings down a Goddess to enflame the army; instead of a trumpet, or such warlike musick, *Juno* and *Minerva* thunder over the field of battle: *Jove* rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from such a scene of horrors.

By the Goddess *Eris* is meant that ardour and impatience for the battle which now inspired the *Grecian* army; they who just before were almost in despair, now burn for the fight, and breathe nothing but war. *Eustathius*.

§. 14. *Orthian song.*] This is a kind of an *Ode* song, invented and sung on purpose to fire the soul to noble deeds in

The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms 15
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
 No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The king of men his hardy host inspires 19
 With loud command, with great example fires;
 Himself first rose, himself before the rest
 His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
 And first he cas'd his manly legs around
 In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound :
 The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast, 25
 The same which once King *Cinyras* possess'd :
 (The fame of *Greece* and her assembled host
 Had reach'd that monarch on the *Cyprian* coast;
 'Twas then the friendship of the chief to gain,
 This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.) 30
 Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
 Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;

war. Such was that of *Timotheus* before *Alexander the Great*, which had such an influence upon him, that he leaped from his seat, and laid hold on his arms. *Eustathius*.

§. 26. *King Cinyras*.] It is probable this passage of *Cinyras*, King of *Cyprus*, alludes to a true history; and what makes it the more so, is, that this island was famous for its mines of several metals. *Eustathius*.

Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget rise,
 Whose imitated scales, against the skies
 Reflected various light, and arching bow'd, 35
 Like colour'd rainbows o'er a show'ry cloud.
 (*Jove's* wond'rous bow, of three celestial dyes,
 Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies.)
 A radiant baldrick o'er his shoulder ty'd,
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side : 40
 Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
 The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
 His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
 That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade ;
 Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, 45
 And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd :
 Tremendous *Gorgon* frown'd upon its field,
 And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield :
 Within its concave hung a silver thong,
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along,

y. 35. *Arching bow'd, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes, that the Poet intended to represent the bending figure of these serpents as well as their colour, by comparing them to rainbows. *Dacier* observes here how close a parallel this passage of *Homer* bears to that in *Genesis*, where God tells *Noah*, *I have set my bow in the clouds, that it may be for a sign of the covenant between me and the earth.*

His azure length in easy waves extends,
 'Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
 Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd ;
 And in his hands two steely jav'lins wields, 55
 That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields,

That instant *Juno*, and the martial Maid
 In happy thunders promis'd *Greece* their aid ;
 High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
 And leaning from the clouds, expect the war. 60

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
 The fiery courfers to their chariots bound
 The squires restrain'd : the foot, with those who
 wield

The lighter arms, rush forward to the field,
 To second these, in close array combin'd, 65
 The squadrons spread their fable wings behind.

γ. 63. *The foot, with those who wield The lighter arms, rush forward.*] Here we see the order of battle is inverted, and opposite to that which *Nestor* proposed in the fourth book : for it is the cavalry which is there sustained by the infantry ; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearness of the enemy that obliged *Agamemnon* to change the disposition of the battle : he would break their battalions with his infantry, and compleat their defeat by his cavalry, which should fall upon the flyers, *Dacier*,

Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy fun,
 As with the light the warriors toils begun.
 Ev'n *Jove*, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
 Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field; 70
 The woes of men unwilling to survey,
 And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near *Ilus'* tomb in order rang'd around,
 The *Trojan* lines possess'd the rising ground,
 There wise *Polydamas* and *Hector* stood; 75
Aeneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
 Bold *Polybus*, *Agenor* the divine;
 The brother warriors of *Antenor's* line;
 With youthful *Acamas*, whose beauteous face
 And fair proportion, match'd th' etherial race; 80
 Great *Hector*, cover'd with his spacious shield,
 Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.

‡, 70. *Red drops of blood.*] These prodigies, with which *Homer* embellishes his poetry, are the same with those which history relates not as ornaments, but as Truths. Nothing is more common in history than showers of blood, and philosophy gives us the reason of them: the two battles which had been fought on the plains of *Troy*, had so drenched them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhaled in vapours, and carried into the air, and being there condensed, fall down again in dews and drops of the same colour. *Eusebius*, See Notes on *lib. xvi.* ‡. 560.

As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
 Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
 Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the God-like man,
 Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van; 86
 While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
 Flash from his arms as light'ning from the skies.
 As sweating reapers in some wealthy field, 89
 Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,

†. 83. *As the red star.*] We have just seen at full length the picture of the General of the *Greeks*: here we see *Hector* beautifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the Poet: it was necessary to speak fully of *Agamemnon*, who was to be the chief hero of this battle, and briefly of *Hector*, who had so often been spoken of at large before. This is an instance that the Poet well knew when to be concise, and when to be copious. It is impossible that any thing should be more happily imagined, than this similitude: it is so lively, that we see *Hector* sometimes shining in arms at the head of his troops; and then immediately lose sight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the army. *Eustathius*.

†. 89. *As sweating reapers.*] It will be necessary for the understanding of this similitude, to explain the method of mowing in *Homer's* days: they mowed in the same manner as they ploughed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeded till they met in the middle of it. By this means they raised an emulation between both parties, which should finish their share first. If we consider this custom, we shall find it a very happy comparison to the two armies advancing against each other, together with an exact resemblance in every circumstance the Poet intended to illustrate,

Bear down the furrows, 'till their labours meet ;
 Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet :
 So *Greece* and *Troy* the field of war divide,
 And falling ranks are strow'd on ev'ry side.
 None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight; 95
 But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.
 Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey ;
 Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
 And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes: 100
Discord alone, of all th' immortal train,
 Swells the red horrors of this direful plain :
 The Gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
 Rang'd in bright order on the *Olympian* hill ;
 But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above, 105
 And each accus'd the partial will of *Jove*.
 Meanwhile apart, superiour, and alone,
 Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,
 Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat ;
 And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate. 110
 On earth he turn'd his all-confid'ring eyes,
 And mark'd the spot where *Ilion's* tow'rs arise ;

The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

Thus while the morning-beams increas'ing
bright

115

O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,
Communal death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what-time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal, 120

§. 119. *What time in some sequester'd vale The weary woodman, &c.*] One may gather from hence, that in *Homer's* time they did not measure the day by hours, but by the progression of the sun; and distinguished the parts of it by the most noted employments; as in the *xiith* of the *Odyssey*, §. 439. from the rising of the judges, and here from the dining of the labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to see a general account of the mensuration of time among the ancients, which I shall take from *Spondanus*. At the beginning of the world it is certain there was no distinction of time but by the light and darkness, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. *Munster* makes a pretty observation upon this custom: our long-lived forefathers (says he) had not so much occasion to be exact observers how the day passed, as their frailer sons, whose shortness of life makes it necessary to distinguish every part of time, and suffer none of it to slip away without their observation.

It is not improbable but that the *Chaldeans*, many ages after the flood, were the first who divided the day into hours; they being the first who applied themselves with any success

When his tir'd arms refuse the ax to rear,
And claim a respite from the filvan war;

to astrology. The most ancient sun-dial we read of, is that of *Achaz*, mentioned in the second book of *Kings*, ch. xx, about the time of the building of *Rome*: but as these were of no use in clouded days, and in the night, there was another invention of measuring the parts of time by water; but that not being sufficiently exact, they laid it aside for another by sand.

It is certain the use of dials was earlier among the *Greeks* than the *Romans*; it was above three hundred years after the building of *Rome* before they knew any thing of them: but yet they had divided the day and night into twenty-four hours, as appears from *Varro* and *Macrobius*, though they did not count the hours as we do, numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and distinguished them by particular names, as by the cock-crowing, the dawn, the mid-day, &c. The first sun-dial we read of among the *Romans* which divided the day into hours, is mentioned by *Pliny*, lib. i. cap. 20. fixed upon the temple of *Quirinus* by *L. Papyrius* the censor, about the twelfth year of the wars with *Pyrrhus*. But the first that was of any use to the publick, was set up near the *rostra* in the *forum* by *Valerius Messala* the consul, after the taking of *Catana* in *Sicily*; from whence it was brought, thirty years after the first had been set up by *Papyrius*: but this was still an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly corresponding with the several hours. Yet they made use of it many years, till *Q. Marcius Philippus* placed another by it, greatly improved: but these had still one common defect of being useless in the night, and when the skies were overcast. All these inventions being thus ineffectual, *Scipio Nasica*, some years after, measured the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

Yet near this time, it may be gathered that sun-dials were very frequent in *Rome*, from a fragment preserved by *Aulus*

But not 'till half the prostrate forests lay
 Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
 Then, nor 'till then, the *Greeks* impulsive
 might

125

Pierc'd the black *Phalanx*, and let in the light.

Gellius, and ascribed to *Plautus*: the lines are so beautiful, that I cannot deny the reader the satisfaction of seeing them. They are supposed to be spoken by an hungry parasite, upon a fight of one of these dials.

- " Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas repperit,
- " Quique adeo primus statuit heic solarium:
- " Qui mihi comminuit misero, articulatim, diem!
- " Nam me puero uterus hic erat solarium,
- " Multo omnium istorum optimum & verissimum;
- " Ubi iste monebat esse, nisi cum nihil erat.
- " Nunc etiam quod est, non est, nisi Soli lubet:
- " Itaque adeo jam oppletum est oppidum solariis,
- " Major pars populi aridi reptant fame."

We find frequent mention of the hours in the course of this poem; but to prevent any mistake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they must always be understood to mean the seasons, and not the division of the day by hours.

§. 125. *The Greeks impulsive might.*] We had just before seen that all the Gods were withdrawn from the battle; that *Jupiter* was resolved, even against the inclinations of them all, to honour the *Trojans*. Yet we here see the *Greeks* breaking through them; the love the Poet bears to his countrymen makes him aggrandize their valour, and over-ruie even the decrees of fate. To vary his battles, he supposes the Gods to be absent this day; and they are no sooner gone, but the courage of the *Greeks* prevails, even against the determination of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius*.

Great *Agamemnon* then the slaughter led,
 And flew *Bienor* at his people's head :
 Whose Squire *Oileus*, with a sudden spring,
 Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his King, 130
 But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
 Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on
 the ground.

Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain :
 Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain :
 Now foil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, 135
 Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of *Priam* next to battle move,
 The product one of marriage, one of love ;
 In the same car the brother warriors ride, 139
 This took the charge to combat, that to guide :

†. 135. *Naked to the sky.*] *Eustathius* refines upon this place, and believes that *Homer* intended, by particularizing the whiteness of the limbs, to ridicule the effeminate education of these unhappy youths. But as such an interpretation may be thought below the majesty of an Epic poem, and a kind of barbarity to insult the unfortunate, I thought it better to give the passage an air of compassion. As the words are equally capable of either meaning, I imagined the reader would be more pleas'd with the humanity of the one, than with the satire of the other.

Far other task ! than when they wont to keep,
 On *Ida*'s tops, their father's fleecy sheep.
 These on the mountains once *Achilles* found,
 And captive led, with pliant osiers bound ;
 Then to their fire for ample sums restor'd ; 145
 But now to perish by *Atrides*' sword :
 Pierc'd in the breast the base-born *Ifus* bleeds :
 Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate suc-
 ceeds.

Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
 And stript, their features to his mind recalls. 150
 The *Trojans* see the youths untimely die,
 But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
 So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
 Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,

§. 143. *These on the mountains once Achilles found.*] *Homer*, says *Eustathius*, never lets any opportunity pass of mentioning the hero of his poem, *Achilles* : he gives here an instance of his former resentment, and at once varies his own poetry, and exalts his hero's character. Nor does he mention him cursorily ; he seems unwilling to leave him ; and when he pursues the thread of the story in a few lines, takes occasion to speak again of him. This is a very artful conduct ; by mentioning him so frequently, he takes care that the reader should not forget him, and shews the importance of that hero, whose anger is the subject of his poem.

Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals
draws, 155

And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws;
The frightened hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way;
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. 160

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false *Antimachus* were slain;
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
And voted *Helen's* stay for *Paris'* gold.

Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought, 165
And slew the children for the father's fault;
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the filken
rein;

Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call. 170

Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battle slain,
The *Grecian* ships his captive sons detain,

Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, 175
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears :
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply ;
If from *Antimachus* ye spring, ye die : 180
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed *Ulysses'* and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace ! and sues his seed for grace !
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, *Pisander* from the car he cast, 185
And pierc'd his breast : supine he breath'd his
last.

His brother leap'd to earth ; but as he lay,
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away ;

ψ. 181. *Antimachus, who once, &c.*] It is observable that *Homer* with a great deal of art interweaves the true history of the *Trojan* war in his poem ; he here gives a circumstance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to the very beginning of it. So that although the action of the poem takes up but a small part of the last year of the war, yet by such incidents as these we are taught a great many particulars that happened through the whole series of it. *Eustathius*.

ψ. 188. *Lopp'd his hands away.*] I think one cannot but compassionate the fate of these brothers, who suffer for the

His fever'd head was tofs'd among the throng,
 And rolling, drew a bloody trail along. 190
 Then, where the thickest fought, the victor
 flew;

The King's example all his *Greeks* pursue.
 Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
 Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.
 From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
 Shade the black host, and intercept the skies. 196

sins of their father, notwithstanding the justice which the commentators find in this action of *Agamemnon*. And I can much less imagine that his cutting off their *hands* was meant for an express example against bribery, in revenge for the gold which *Antimachus* had received from *Paris*. *Eustathius* is very refining upon this point; but the grave *Spondanus* outdoes them all, who has found there was an excellent conceit in cutting off the hands and head of the son; the first, because the father had been for *laying hands* on the *Grecian* ambassadors; and the second, because it was from his *head* that the advice proceeded of detaining *Helena*.

†. 193. *Now by the foot the flying foot, &c.*] After *Homer* with a poetical justice has punished the sons of *Antimachus* for the crimes of the father; he carries on the narration, and presents all the terrours of the battle to our view: we see in the lively description the men and chariots overthrown, and hear the trampling of the horses feet. Thus the Poet very artfully, by such sudden alarms, awakens the attention of the reader, that is apt to be tired and grow remiss by a plain and more cool narration.

The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and
bound,

And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
Still flaught'ring on, the King of men proceeds;
The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds. 200

As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,

In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all :

Before *Atrides'* rage, so sinks the foe, 205

Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.

The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;

And many a car, now lighted of its Lord,

Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls, 209

Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls ;

While his keen falchion drinks the warriors lives;

More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives !

†. 197. *The brass-hoof'd steeds.*] *Eustathius* observes, that the custom of shoeing horses was in use in *Homer's* time, and calls the shoes *σιδναῖα*, from the figure of an half-moon.

†. 212. *More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives !*] This is a reflection of the Poet, and such an one as arises from a sentiment of compassion ; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to see those heroes, who were the love and delight of their spouses, reduced suddenly to such a con-

Perhaps great *Hector* then had found his fate,
But *Jove* and destiny prolong'd his date. 214

Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient *Ilus* lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.

dition of horror, that those very wives durst not look upon them. I was very much surpris'd to find a remark of *Eustathius* upon this, which seems very wrong and unjust: he would have it that there is in this place an *Ellipsis*, which comprehends a severe raillery: "For, says he, *Homer* would imply, that those dead warriors were now more agreeable to vultures, than they had ever been in all their days to their wives." This is very ridiculous; to suppose that these unhappy women did not love their husbands, is to insult them barbarously in their affliction; and every body can see that such a thought in this place would have appeared mean, frigid, and out of season. *Homer*, on the contrary, always endeavours to excite compassion by the grief of the wives, whose husbands are killed in the battle. *Dacier*.

§. 217. Now past the tomb where ancient *Ilus* lay.] By the exactness of *Homer's* description we see as in a landscape the very place where this battle was fought. *Agamemnon* drives the *Trojans* from the tomb of *Ilus*, where they encamped all the night; that tomb stood in the middle of the plain: from thence he pursues them by the wild fig-tree to the beech-tree, and from thence to the very *Scæan* gate. Thus the scene of action is fixed, and we see the very rout through which the one retreats, and the other advances. *Eustathius*.

As swift *Atrides* with loud shouts pursu'd, 221
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood.

Now near the beech-tree, and the *Scæan* gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.

Meanwhile on ev'ry side, around the plain, 225
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the *Trojan* train.

So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd

The lion's roaring thro' the midnight shade;

On heaps they tumble with successless haste;

The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last : 230

Not with less fury stern *Atrides* flew,

Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew;

Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are
kill'd,

And rage, and death, and carnage, load the
field.

Now storms the victor at the *Trojan* wall ; 235
Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.

But *Jove* descending shook th' *Idæan* hills,

And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills :

Th' unkindled light'ning in his hand he took,

And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke. 240

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
 To god-like *Hector* this our word convey.
 While *Agamemnon* wastes the ranks around,
 Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the
 ground,
 Bid him give way ; but issue forth commands, 245
 And trust the war to less important hands :
 But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
 That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart :
 Then *Jove* shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
 Then to her ships shall flying *Greece* be press'd, 250
 'Till to the main the burning sun descend,
 And sacred night her awful shade extend.

§. 241. *Iris, with haste thy golden wings display.*] It is evident that some such contrivance as this was necessary ; the *Trojans*, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day ; but if *Jupiter* had not now interposed, they had been driven even within the walls of *Troy*. By this means also the Poet consults both for the honour of *Hector*, and that of *Agamemnon*. *Agamemnon* has time enough to shew the greatness of his valour, and it is no disgrace to *Hector* not to encounter him when *Jupiter* interposes.

Eustathius observes, that the Poet gives us here a sketch of what is drawn out at large in the story of this whole book : this he does to raise the curiosity of the reader, and make him impatient to hear those great actions which must be performed before *Agamemnon* can retire, and *Hector* be victorious.

He spoke, and *Iris* at his word obey'd ;
 On wings of winds descends the various maid.
 The chief she found amidst the ranks of war, 255
 Close to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
 The Goddess then : O son of *Priam* hear !
 From *Jove* I come, and his high mandate bear.
 While *Agamemnon* wastes the ranks around,
 Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the
 ground, 260

Abstain from fight ; yet issue forth commands,
 And trust the war to less important hands.
 But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
 The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart :
 Then *Jove* shall string thy arm, and fire thy
 breast, 265

Then to her ships shall flying *Greece* be prest,
 'Till to the main the burning sun descend,
 And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd : *Hector*, with a bound,
 Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
 In clanging arms : he grasps in either hand 271
 A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band ;

Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
 And wakes anew the dying flames of fight. 274
 They stand to arms : the *Greeks* their onset dare,
 Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
 New force, new spirit to each breast returns :
 The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns :
 The King leads on ; all fix on him their eye,
 And learn from him, to conquer, or to die. 280
 Ye sacred nine, celestial Muses ! tell,
 Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell ?
 The great *Iphidamas*, the bold and young :
 From sage *Antenor* and *Theano* sprung ; 284

§. 281. *Ye sacred nine.*] The Poet, to win the attention of the reader, and seeming himself to be struck with the exploits of *Agamemnon* while he recites them (who when the battle was rekindled, rushes out to engage his enemies) invokes not one muse, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate something surprising, he invokes the whole nine ; and then, as if he had received their inspiration, goes on to deliver what they suggested to him. By means of this apostrophe, the imagination of the reader is so filled, that he seems not only present, but active in the scene to which the skill of the Poet has transported him. *Eustathius.*

§. 283. *Iphidamas, the bold and young.*] *Homer* here gives us the history of this *Iphidamas*, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumstances of his private life. This he does to diversify his poetry, and to soften with some amia-

Whom from his youth his grandfire *Cisseus* bred,
 And nurs'd in *Thrace* where snowy flocks are fed:
 Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
 And early honour warm his gen'rous breast,
 When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's charms
 (*Theano's* sister) to his youthful arms. 290

But call'd by glory to the wars of *Troy*,
 He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy ;
 From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
 And swift to aid his dearer country flies. 294
 With twelve blackships he reach'd *Percope's* strand,
 Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
 Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,
 Tow'ring in arms, and braves the King of Kings.
Atrides first discharged the missive spear ;
 The *Trojan* stoop'd, the jav'lin pass'd in air. 300

ble embellishments, the continual horrors that must of necessity strike the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and slaughter. *Eustathius*.

§. 290. *Theano's* sister.] That the reader may not be shocked at the marriage of *Iphidamas* with his mother's sister, it may not be amiss to observe from *Eustathius*, that consanguinity was no impediment in *Greece* in the days of *Homer*: nor is *Iphidamas* singular in this kind of marriage, for *Diomedes* was married to his own aunt as well as he.

Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
 With all his strength the youth directs his dart :
 But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
 The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
 Encumber'd with the dart, *Atrides* stands, 305
 'Till grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his
 hands,

At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
 Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
 Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
 And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 310
 Oh worthy better fate ! oh early slain !
 Thy country's friend ; and virtuous, tho' in
 vain !

No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
 At once a virgin, and at once a bride !
 No more with presents her embraces meet, 315
 Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
 On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
 Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more !
 Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
 While the proud victor bore his arms away. 320

Coön, *Antenor's* eldest hope, was nigh :

Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth
he view'd,

And the pale features now deform'd with blood.

Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took, 325

Aim'd at the King, and near his elbow strook.

The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,

And thro' his arm stood forth the barbed dart.

Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear

On *Coön* rushes with his lifted spear : 330

His brother's corpse the pious *Trojan* draws,

And calls his country to assert his cause,

Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,

And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.

Atrides, marking an unguarded part, 335

Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart ;

Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,

The Monarch's falchion lopp'd his head a-
way :

The social shades the same dark journey go,

And join each other in the realms below. 340

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
 With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields :
 By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
 Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'er-
 thrown. 344

This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood ;
 But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
 Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
 Less keen those darts the fierce *Ilythiæ* send,
 (The pow'rs that cause the teeming matron's
 throes,

Sad mothers of unutterable woes !) 350
 Stung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,
 He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein :

†. 348. *The fierce Ilythiæ.*] These *Ilythiæ* are the Goddesses that *Homer* supposes to preside over childbirth : he arms their hands with a kind of instrument, from which a pointed dart is shot into the distressed mother, as an arrow from a bow : so that as *Eris* has her torch, and *Jupiter* his thunder, these Goddesses have their darts which they shoot into women in travail. He calls them the daughters of *Juno*, because she presides over the marriage-bed. *Eustathius*. Here (says *Dacier*) we find the style of the holy scripture, which to express a severe pain, usually compares it to that of women in labour. Thus *David*, *Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail*; and *Isaiah*, *They shall grieve as a woman in travail*. And all the Prophets are full of the like expressions.

Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends! O *Greeks*! assert your honours won;
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun : 356
Lo! angry *Jove* forbids your chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horses fly! the chariot smokes along. 360
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded Monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner *Hector* saw the King retir'd, 365
But thus his *Trojans* and his aids he fir'd;
Hear all ye *Dardan*, all ye *Lycian* race!
Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.

*. 357. *Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay.*] *Eustathius* remarks upon the behaviour of *Agamemnon* in his present distress: *Homer* describes him as racked with almost intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguish he suffers, but that he is obliged to retire from the fight.

This indeed, as it proved his undaunted spirit, so did it likewise his wisdom: had he shewed any unmanly dejection, it would have dispirited the army; but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound less dangerous, and renders them not so highly concerned for the absence of their General,

Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
 Your great forefathers virtues, and your own. 370
 Behold, the Gen'ral flies! deserts his pow'rs!
 Lo *Jove* himself declares the conquest ours!
 Now on yon' ranks impel your foaming steeds;
 And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms 375
 His fainting host, and ev'ry bosom warms.
 As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
 The brindled lion, or the tusky bear;
 With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
 And springs the foremost with his lifted dart: 380
 So god-like *Hector* prompts his troops to dare;
 Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.
 On the black body of the foes he pours;
 As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with show'rs,
 A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, 385
 Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
 Say Muse! when *Jove* the *Trojan's* glory crown'd,
 Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?

y. 387. Say, Muse! when *Jove* the *Trojan's* glory crown'd.]
 The Poet just before has given us an invocation of the muses,
 to make us attentive to the great exploits of *Agamemnon*.

Assæus, *Dolops*, and *Autonous* dy'd,
Opites next was added to their side, 390
 Then brave *Hipponous* fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, *Orus*, sunk to endless night ;

Here we have one with regard to *Hector*, but this last may perhaps be more easily accounted for than the other. For in that, after so solemn an invocation, we might reasonably have expected wonders from the hero : whereas in reality he kills but one man before he himself is wounded ; and what he does afterwards seems to proceed from a frantick valour, arising from the smart of the wound : we do not find by the text that he kills one man, but overthrows several in his fury, and then retreats : so that one would imagine he invoked the muses only to describe his retreat.

But upon a nearer view, we shall find that *Homer* shews a commendable partiality to his own countryman and hero *Agamemnon* : he seems to detract from the greatness of *Hector's* actions, by ascribing them to *Jupiter* ; whereas *Agamemnon* conquers by the dint of bravery : and that this is a just observation, will appear by what follows. Those *Greeks* that fall by the sword of *Hector*, he passes over as if they were all vulgar men : he says nothing of them but that they died ; and only briefly mentions their names, as if he endeavoured to conceal the overthrow of the *Greeks*. But when he speaks of his favourite *Agamemnon*, he expatiates and dwells upon his actions ; and shews us, that those that fell by his hand were all men of distinction, such as were the sons of *Priam*, of *Antenor*, and *Antimachus*. It is true, *Hector* killed as many leaders of the *Greeks* as *Agamemnon* of the *Trojans*, and more of the common soldiers ; but by particularizing the deaths of the chiefs of *Troy*, he sets the deeds of *Agamemnon* in the strongest point of light, and by his silence in respect to the leaders whom *Hector* slew, he casts a shade over the greatness of the action, and consequently it appears less conspicuous.

Æsymnus, Agelaus ; all chiefs of name ;
 The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame. 394
 As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms,
 Dispels the gather'd clouds that *Notus* forms ;
 The gust continu'd, violent, and strong,
 Rolls fable clouds in heaps on heaps along ;
 Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
 Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares :
 Thus raging *Hector*, with resistless hands, 401
 O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
 Now the last ruin the whole host appalls ;
 Now *Greece* had trembled in her wooden walls ;
 But wise *Ulysses* call'd *Tydidēs* forth, 405
 His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.

†. 405. *But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth.*] There is something instructive in those which seem the most common passages of *Homer*, who by making the wise *Ulysses* direct the brave *Diomed* in all the enterprises of the last book, and by maintaining the same conduct in this, intended to shew this moral, That valour should always be under the guidance of wisdom. Thus in the eighth book, when *Diomed* could scarce be restrained by the thunder of *Jupiter*, *Nestor* is at hand to moderate his courage ; and this hero seems to have made a very good use of those instructions ; his valour no longer runs out into rashness : though he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wise to fight against *Jupiter*.

And stand we deedless, O eternal shame !

'Till *Hector*'s arm involve the ships in flame ?

Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.

The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd. 410

No martial toil I shun, no danger fear ;

Let *Hector* come ; I wait his fury here.

But *Jove* with conquest crowns the *Trojan* train ;

And, *Jove* our foe, all human force is vain. 414

He sigh'd ; but sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,

And from his car the proud *Thymbræus* fell :

Molion, the charioteer, pursu'd his Lord,

His death ennobled by *Ulysses*' sword.

There slain, they left them in eternal night, 419

Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight.

So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,

Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.

Stern *Hector*'s conquests in the middle plain

Stood check'd a while, and *Greece* respir'd again.

The sons of *Merops* shone amidst the war ; 425

Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car :

In deep prophetick arts their father skill'd,

Had warn'd his children from the *Trojan* field ;

Fate urg'd them on ; the father warn'd in vain,
 They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain ! 430
 Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms ;
 The stern *Tydidēs* strips their shining arms.

Hypirochus by great *Ulysses* dies,
 And rich *Hippodamus* becomes his prize. 434

Great *Jove* from *Ide* with slaughter fills his fight,
 And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.

By *Tydeus'* lance *Agastrophus* was slain,
 The far-fam'd hero of *Pæonian* strain ;
 Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
 His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh ; 440

Thro' broken orders, swifter than the wind,
 He fled, but flying left his life behind.

This *Hector* sees, as his experienc'd eyes
 Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies ;
 Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend, 445
 And moving armies on his march attend.

Great *Diomed* himself was seiz'd with fear,
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

†. 447. *Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear.*] There seems to be some difficulty in these words: this brave warrior, who has frequently met *Hector* in the battle, and of-

Mark how this way yon' bending squadrons
yield !

The storm rolls on, and *Hector* rules the field: 450
Here stand his utmost force—The warrior said;
Swift at the word, his pond'rous jav'lin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely
glanc'd.

Safe in his helm (the gift of *Phæbus*' hands) 455
Without a wound the *Trojan* hero stands;
But yet so stunn'd, that stagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
O'er his dim fight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydidēs follow'd to regain his lance; 461
While *Hector* rose, recover'd from the trance;

ferred himself for the single combat, is here said to be seized with fear at the very sight of him: this may be thought not to agree with his usual behaviour, and to derogate from the general character of his intrepidity; but we must remember that *Diomed* himself has but just told us, that *Jupiter* fought against the *Grecians*; and that all the endeavours of himself and *Ulysses* would be vain: this fear therefore of *Diomed* is far from being dishonourable; it is not *Hector*, but *Jupiter* of whom he is afraid. *Eustathius*.

Remounts his car, and herds amidst the croud:
The *Greek* pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank *Phæbus* for thy forfeit
breath, 465

Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.

Well by *Apollo* are thy pray'rs repaid,

And oft' that partial pow'r has lent his aid.

Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd with-
stand,

If any God assist *Tydidēs*' hand. 470

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,

Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, *Paris* ey'd from far,
(The spouse of *Helen*, the fair cause of war)

Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent, 475

From ancient *Ilus*' ruin'd monument;

Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,

And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;

ψ. 476. *Ilus' monument.*] I thought it necessary just to put the reader in mind, that the battle still continues near the tomb of *Ilus*: by a just observation of that, we may with pleasure see the various turns of the fight, and how every step of ground is won or lost, as the armies are repulsed or victorious.

Just as he stoop'd, *Agastrophus's* crest 479
 To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast,
 The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,
 But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
 The laughing *Trojan*, with a joyful spring
 Leaps from his ambush and insults the King.

§. 479. *Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
 To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast.]*

One would think that the Poet at all times endeavoured to condemn the practice of stripping the dead, during the heat of action; he frequently describes the victor wounded, while he is so employed about the bodies of the slain; thus in the present book we see *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, *Ulysses*, *Elphenor*, and *Eurypylus*, all suffer as they strip the men they slew; and in the sixth book he brings in the wise *Nestor* directly forbidding it. *Eustathius*.

§. 482. *But pierc'd his foot.]* It cannot but be a satisfaction to the reader to see the Poet smitten with the love of his country, and at all times consulting its glory; this day was to be glorious to *Troy*, but *Homer* takes care to remove with honour most of the bravest *Greeks* from the field of battle, before the *Trojans* can conquer. Thus *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Ulysses* must bleed, before the Poet can allow his countrymen to retreat. *Eustathius*.

§. 483. *The laughing Trojan.]* *Eustathius* is of opinion that *Homer* intended to satyryze in this place the unwarlike behaviour of *Paris*: such an effeminate laugh and gesture is unbecoming a brave warrior, but agrees very well in the character of *Paris*: nor do I remember that in the whole *Iliad* any one person is described in such an indecent transport, though upon a much more glorious or successful action. He concludes his ludicrous insult with a circumstance very much to the honour of *Diomed*, and very much to the disadvantage of

He bleeds ! (he cries) some God has sped my
dart; 485

Would the same God had fixt it in his heart !
So *Troy* reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter and in combat
stand;

Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear. 490

He dauntless thus : Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warriour with the curling hair ;
Vain archer ! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part !

Thou hast but done what boys or women can ; 495
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.

Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel :
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel. 500

his own character ; for he reveals to an enemy the fears of *Troy*,
and compares the *Greeks* to lions, and the *Trojans* to sheep.
Diomed is the very reverse of him ; he despises and lessens the
wound he received, and in the midst of his pain, would not
gratify his enemy with the little joy he might give him by let-
ting him know it.

Where this but lights, some noble life expires ;
 Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
 Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
 And leaves such objects, as distract the fair.

Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart, 505
 Before him steps, and bending draws the dart :
 Forth flows the blood ; an eager pang succeeds :
Tydidēs mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field *Ulysses* stands alone,
 The *Greeks* all fled, the *Trojans* pouring on : 510
 But stands collected in himself and whole,
 And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.

What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain ?
 What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain ?
 What danger, singly if I stand the ground, 515
 My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around ?

¶ 512. *And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.*] This is a passage which very much strikes me : we have a brave hero making a noble soliloquy, or rather calling a council within himself, when he was singly to encounter an army : it is impossible for the reader not to be in pain for so gallant a man in such an imminent danger ; he must be impatient for the event, and his whole curiosity must be awakened till he knows the fate of *Ulysses*, who scorned to fly though encompassed by an army,

Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;
 The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
 To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
 And knowing this, I know a soldier's part. 520

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
 Near, and more near, the shady cohorts press;
 These, in the warrior, their own fate inclose:
 And round him deep the steely circle grows.

So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds 525
 Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds;
 He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
 His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
 By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd;
 And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side. 530

Pierc'd thro' the shoulder, first *Deiops* fell;

Next *Ennomus* and *Thoön* sunk to hell;

Chersidamas, beneath the navel thrust,

Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.

Charops, the son of *Hippasus*, was near; 535

Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;

But to his aid his brother *Socus* flies,

Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wise:

Near as he drew, the warriour thus began.

O great *Ulysses*, much-enduring man! 540
 Not deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial flight,
 Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
 This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
 And end at once the great *Hippasian* race, 544
 Or thou beneath this lance must press the field—
 He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:
 Thro' the strong brass the ringing jav'lin thrown,
 Plough'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
 By *Pallas*' care, the spear, tho' deep infix'd, 549
 Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd,

ψ. 549. *By Pallas' care.*] It is a just observation, that there is no moral so evident, or so constantly carried on through the *Iliad*, as the necessity mankind at all times has of divine assistance. Nothing is performed with success, without particular mention of this; *Hector* is not saved from a dart without *Apollo*, nor *Ulysses* without *Minerva*. *Homer* is perpetually acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and ascribing to that only, all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or punishments of men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of his poem, Διὸς ἑὶ θέλημα βυλὴν, *The will of God was fulfilled*, runs through his whole work, and is with a most remarkable care and conduct put into the mouths of his greatest and wisest persons on every occasion.

Homer generally makes some peculiar God attend on each hero: for the ancients believed that every man had his particular tutelary deity; these in succeeding times were called *Dæmons* or *Genii*, who (as they thought) were given to men

The wound not mortal wife *Ulysses* knew,
 Then furious thus, (but first some steps withdrew.)
 Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace!
 Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
 No longer check my conquests on the foe; 555 }
 But pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go, }
 And add one spectre to the realms below!

He spoke, while *Socus* seiz'd with sudden fright,
 Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
 Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,
 And held its passage thro' the panting heart. 561
 Wide in his breast appear'd the grizly wound;
 He falls; his armour rings against the ground.
 Then thus *Ulysses*, gazing on the slain:
 Fam'd son of *Hippasus*! there press the plain; 565

at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole course of their lives. See *Cebes's Tablet*. *Menander*, as he is cited by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, styles them *μυσαισχητοὶ βίης*, the invisible guides of life.

†. 565, *Fam'd son of Hippasus*!] *Homer* has been blamed by some late censurers for making his heroes address discourses to the dead. *Dacier* replies, that passion dictates these speeches, and it is generally to the dying, not to the dead, that they are addressed. However, one may say, that they are often rather reflections, than insults. Were it otherwise, *Homer* deserves not to be censured for feigning what histories have

There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,
 Heav'n owes *Ulysses* yet a longer date.
 Ah wretch ! no father shall thy corpse compose,
 Thy dying eyes no tender mother close ;
 But hungry birds shall tear those balls away, 570
 And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.
 Me *Greece* shall honour, when I meet my doom,
 With solemn fun'ral and a lasting tomb.

reported as truth. We find in *Plutarch* that *Mark Antony* upon sight of the dead body of *Brutus*, stopped and reproached him with the death of his brother *Caius*, whom *Brutus* had killed in *Macedonia* in revenge for the murder of *Cicero*. I must confess I am not altogether pleased with the railleries he sometimes uses to a vanquished warrior : which inhumanities, if spoken to the dying, would I think be yet worse than after they were dead.

§. 571. *And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.*] This is not literally translated, what the Poet says gives us the most lively picture imaginable of the vultures in the act of tearing their prey with their bills : they beat the body with their wings as they rend it, which is a very natural circumstance, but scarce possible to be copied by a translator without losing the beauty of it.

§. 572. *Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom, With solemn fun'ral.*—] We may see from such passages as these that honours paid to the ashes of the dead have been greatly valued in all ages : this posthumous honour was paid as a publick acknowledgment that the person deceased had deserved well of his country, and consequently was an incitement to the living to imitate his actions : in this view there is no man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are testimonies of titles or riches, but of distinguished merit,

Then raging with intolerable smart,
 He writhes his body, and extracts the dart. 575
 The dart a tide of spouting gore pursu'd,
 And gladden'd *Troy* with sight of hostile blood.
 Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
 Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
 Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears; 580
 The well-known voice thrice *Menelaüs* hears:
 Alarm'd, to *Ajax Telamon* he cry'd,
 Who shares his labours, and defends his side.
 O friend! *Ulysses'* shouts invade my ear;
 Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near: 585
 Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
 Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,
 And feel a loss, not ages can repair. 589

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
 Great *Ajax*, like the God of war, attends.

†. 591. *Great Ajax, like the God of war attends.*] The silence of other heroes on many occasions is very beautiful in *Homer*, but particularly so in *Ajax*, who is a gallant rough soldier, and readier to act than to speak: the present necessity of *Ulysses* required such a behaviour, for the least delay might have been fatal to him: *Ajax* therefore complying both with

The prudent chief in fore distress they found,
 With bands of furious *Trojans* compass'd round.
 As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
 From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer ; 595
 Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distills,
 He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills :
 'Till life's warm vapour issuing thro' the wound,
 Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast sur-
 round ;

Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade, 600
 The lion rushes thro' the woodland shade,
 The wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away ;
 The lordly savage vindicates his prey,
Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
 A single warriour, half an host sustains : 605
 But soon as *Ajax* heaves his tow'r-like shield,
 The scatter'd crouds fly frightened o'er the field ;

his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of *Ulysses*, makes no reply to *Menelaus*, but immediately hastens to his relief. The reader will observe how justly the Poet maintains his character of *Ajax* throughout the whole *Iliad*, who is often silent when he has an opportunity to speak, and when he speaks, it is like a soldier, with a martial air, and always with brevity. *Eustathius*.

Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious *Ajax* plies the routed crew; 610
And first *Doryclus*, *Priam*'s son, he flew,
On strong *Pandocus* next inflicts a wound,
And lays *Lyfander* bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, swell'd with wint'ry rains, 614
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd Plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:
Fierce *Ajax* thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But *Hector*, from this scene of slaughter far, 620
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progress thro' the plain,
And deep *Scamander* swells with heaps of slain.
There *Nestor* and *Idomeneus* oppose
The warriour's fury, there the battle glows; 625
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The spouse of *Helen* dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd *Machaon* with a distant wound:

In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, 630

And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.

To Nestor then Idomeneus begun;

Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!

Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,

And great Machaon to the ships convey. 635

A wise Physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,

Is more than armies to the publick weal.

‡. 636. *A wise Physician.*] The Poet passes a very signal commendation upon Physicians: the army had seen several of their bravest heroes wounded, yet were not so much dispirited for them all, as they were at the single danger of *Machaon*: but the person whom he calls a Physician seems rather to be a Surgeon; the cutting out of arrows, and the applying of anodynes being the province of the latter: however (as *Eustatbius* says) we must conclude that *Machaon* was both a Physician and Surgeon, and that those two professions were practised by one person.

It is reasonable to think, from the frequency of their wars, that the profession in those days was chiefly chirurgical: *Celsus* says expressly that the *Dietetic* was long after invented; but that *Botany* was in great esteem and practice, appears from the stories of *Medea*, *Circe*, &c. We often find mention among the most ancient writers, of women eminent in that art; as of *Agamede* in this very book, ‡. 875. who is said (like *Solomon*) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the earth, and of *Polydamne* in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*, ‡. 227, &c.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of these arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, stanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and re-

Old *Nestor* mounts the seat: beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God, 639
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now *Cebriones*, from *Hector's* car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying *Greeks* are slain;
Trojans on *Trojans* yonder load the plain. 645
Before great *Ajax* see the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'n-fold shield.
Thither, O *Hector*, thither urge thy steeds, 650
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds; 655

medies, are all according to the true precepts of art. There are likewise several passages in his works that shew his knowledge of the virtues of plants, even of those qualities which are commonly (though perhaps erroneously) ascribed to them, as of the *Moly* against enchantments, the willow which causes barrenness, the *nepenthe*, &c.

Stung by the stroke, the courfers scour the fields,
 O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
 The horses hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
 And dashing, purple all the car before;
 The groaning axle sable drops distills, 660
 And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
 Here *Hector* plunging thro' the thickest fight,
 Broke the dark *Phalanx*, and let in the light:
 (By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
 The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire debate, 666
 And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.
 But partial *Jove*, espousing *Hector's* part,
 Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the *Grecian's* heart;

§. 668. *But partial Jove, &c.*] The address of *Homer* in bringing off *Ajax* with decency, is admirable: he makes *Hector* afraid to approach him: he brings down *Jupiter* himself to terrify him: so that he retreats not from a mortal, but from a God.

This whole passage is inimitably just and beautiful: we see *Ajax* drawn in the most bold and strong colours; and, in a manner, alive in the description. We see him slowly and sullenly retreat between two armies, and even with a look repulse the one, and protect the other: there is not one line but what resembles *Ajax*; the character of a stubborn but undaunted warrior is perfectly maintained, and must strike the reader at the first view. He compares him first to the Lion

Confus'd, unnerv'd in *Hector's* presence grown, 670
Amaz'd he stood, with terrours not his own.

for his undauntedness in fighting, and then to the As for his stubborn slowness in retreating; though in the latter comparison there are many other points of likeness that enliven the image: the havock he makes in the field is represented by the tearing and trampling down the harvests; and we see the bulk, strength, and obstinacy of the hero, when the *Trojans* in respect to him are compared but to troops of boys that impotently endeavour to drive him away.

Eustathius is silent as to those objections which have been raised against this last simile; for a preterited want of delicacy: this alone is conviction to me that they are all of a later date: for else he would not have failed to have vindicated his favourite Poet in a passage that had been applauded many hundreds of years, and stood the test of ages.

But Monsieur *Dacier* has done it very well in his remarks upon *Aristotle*. "In the time of *Homer* (says that author) an As was not in such circumstances of contempt as in ours: the name of that animal was not then converted into a term of reproach, but it was a beast upon which Kings and Princes might be seen with dignity. And it will not be very discreet to ridicule this comparison, which the holy scripture has put into the mouth of *Jacob*, who says in the benediction of his children, *Issachar shall be as a strong As*." Monsieur *de la Motte* allows this point, and excuses *Homer* for his choice of this animal, but is unhappily disgusted at the circumstance of the boys, and the obstinate gluttony of the As, which he says are images too mean to represent the determined valour of *Ajax*, and the fury of his enemies. It is answered by Madam *Dacier*, that what *Homer* here images is not the gluttony, but the patience, the obstinacy, and strength of the As (as *Eustathius* had before observed.) To judge rightly of comparisons, we are not to examine if the subject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar; but we are principally to consider if the image

O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.

produced be clear and lively, if the Poet has the skill to dignify it by poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. A company of boys whipping a top is very far from a great and noble subject, yet *Virgil* has not scrupled to draw from it a similitude which admirably expresses a Princess in the violence of her passion :

“ Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo,

“ Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum

“ Intenti ludo exercent ; ille actus habena

“ Curvatis fertur spatiis : stupet inscia supra

“ Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum :

“ Dant animos plagæ — &c.”

Æn. lib. vii.

However, upon the whole, a translator owes so much to the taste of the age in which he lives, as not to make too great a compliment to the former ; and this induced me to omit the mention of the word *Ass* in the translation. I believe the reader will pardon me, if on this occasion I transcribe a passage from Mr. *Boileau*'s notes on *Longinus*.

“ There is nothing (says he) that more disgraces a composition than the use of mean and vulgar words ; inasmuch that (generally speaking) a mean thought expressed in noble terms, is more tolerable, than a noble thought expressed in mean ones. The reason whereof is, that all the world are not capable to judge of the justness and force of a thought ; but there is scarce any man who cannot, especially in a living language, perceive the least meanness of words. Nevertheless very few writers are free from this vice : *Longinus* accuses *Herodotus*, the most polite of all the Greek Historians, of this defect ; and *Livy*, *Sallust*, *Virgil* have not escaped the same censure. Is it not then very surprising, that no reproach on this account has been ever cast upon *Homer* ? though he has composed two poems each more voluminous than the *Æneid* ; and though no

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains; 675
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires;
Then sowl'ry slow th' indignant beast retires.

“ author whatever, has descended more frequently than he
“ into a detail of little particularities; yet he never uses
“ terms which are not noble, or if he uses humble words or
“ phrases, it is with so much art, that, as *Dionysius* observes,
“ they become noble and harmonious. Undoubtedly, if
“ there had been any cause to charge him with this fault,
“ *Longinus* had spared him no more than *Herodotus*. We
“ may learn from hence the ignorance of those modern cri-
“ ticks, who resolving to judge of the *Greek* without the
“ knowledge of it, and never reading *Homer* but in low and
“ inelegant translations, impute the meannesses of his trans-
“ lators to the Poet himself; and ridiculously blame a man
“ who spoke in one language, for speaking what is not ele-
“ gant in another. They ought to know that the words of
“ different languages are not always exactly correspondent;
“ that it may often happen that a word which is very noble
“ in *Greek*, cannot be rendered in another tongue, but by
“ one which is very mean. Thus the word *asinus* in *Latin*,
“ and *ass* in *English*, are the vilest imaginable; but that which
“ signifies the same animal in *Greek* and *Hebrew*, is of dig-
“ nity enough to be employed on the most magnificent oc-
“ casions. In like manner the terms of *hog-herd* and *cow-*
“ *keeper* in our language are insufferable, but those which
“ answer to them in *Greek*, *βοσκός*, and *βούκολος*, are graceful
“ and harmonious: and *Virgil*, who in his own tongue en-
“ titled his Eclogues *Bucolica*, would have been ashamed to
“ have called them in ours, the *Dialogues of Cow-keepers*.”

So turn'd stern *Ajax*, by whole hosts repell'd, 680
While his swoln heart at ev'ry step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength indu'd,
In some wide field by troops of boys pursu'd,
Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain; 685
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.

On *Ajax* thus a weight of *Trojans* hung, 690
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
And threatens his followers with retorted eye. 695
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a jav'lin, guiltless on the plain, 700
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.

But bold *Eurypylos* his aid imparts,
 And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
 Whose eager jav'lin lanch'd against the foe,
 Great *Apisaon* felt the fatal blow; 705
 From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
 And his slack knees desert their dying load.
 The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
 From *Paris*' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
 Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood, 710
 Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
 Back to the lines the wounded *Greek* retir'd,
 Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd.

§. 712. *Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd.*] We see here almost all the chiefs of the *Grecian* army withdrawn: *Nestor* and *Ulysses*, the two great counsellors; *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Eurypylos*, the bravest warriors, all retreated: so that now in this necessity of the *Greeks*, there was occasion for the Poet to open a new scene of action, or else the *Trojans* had been victorious, and the *Grecians* driven from the shores of *Troy*. To shew the distress of the *Greeks* at this period, from which the poem takes a new turn, it will be convenient to cast a view on the posture of their affairs: all human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all assistance from the Gods forbid by *Jupiter*: whereas the *Trojans* see their General at their head, and *Jupiter* himself fights on their side. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the distress of the *Greeks* occasions first the assistance of *Patroclus*, and then the death of that hero draws on the return of *Achilles*.

What God, O *Grecians*! has your hearts
dismay'd?

Oh, turn to arms; 'tis *Ajax* claims your aid. 715

This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,

And this the last brave battle he shall wage;

Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave

The warrior rescue, and your country save. 719

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,

Who spread their bucklers, and advance their

spears,

To guard their wounded friend: while thus they

stand

With pious care, great *Ajax* joins the band:

Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;

The hero rallies and renews the fight. 725

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,

While *Nestor's* chariot far from fight retires:

His courfers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,

The *Greeks* preserver, great *Machaon* bore.

chilles. It is with great art that the Poet conducts all these incidents: he lets *Achilles* have the pleasure of seeing that the *Greeks* were no longer able to carry on the war without his assistance: and upon this depends the great catastrophe of the poem. *Eustathius*.

That hour, *Achilles* from the topmost height 730
 Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
 His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
 The *Grecian* rout, the slaying, and the slain.
 His friend *Machaon* singled from the rest,
 A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast. 735
 Straight to *Menæti*' much-lov'd son he sent;
 Graceful as *Mars*, *Patroclus* quits his tent:
 In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
 And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.

†. 730. *That hour, Achilles, &c.*] Though the resentment of *Achilles* would not permit him to be an actor in the battle, yet his love of war inclines him to be a spectator: and as the Poet did not intend to draw the character of a perfect man in *Achilles*, he makes him delighted with the destruction of the *Greeks*, because it conspired with his revenge: that resentment which is the subject of the poem, still prevails over all his other passions, even the love of his country; for though he begins now to pity his countrymen, yet his anger stifles those tender emotions, and he seems pleased with their distress, because he judges it will contribute to his glory. *Eustathius*.

†. 734. *His friend Machaon, &c.*] It may be asked why *Machaon* is the only person whom *Achilles* pities? *Eustathius* answers, that it was either because he was his countryman, a *Thessalian*; or because *Æsculapius*, the father of *Machaon*, presided over physick, the profession of his preceptor *Chiron*. But perhaps it may be a better reason to say that a Physician is a publick good, and was valued by the whole army; and it is not improbable but he might have cured *Achilles* of a wound during the course of the *Trojan* wars.

Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay,
Whate'er thy will, *Patroclus* shall obey. 741

O first of friends! (*Pelides* thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come, when yon' despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost: 745
Now at my knees the *Greeks* shall pour their moan,
And proud *Atrides* tremble on his throne.
Go now to *Nestor*, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For seen at distance, and but seen behind, 750
His form recall'd *Machaon* to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon' cloud, discern his face,
The coursers past me with so swift a pace.

†. 746. *Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan.*]
The Poet by putting these words into the mouth of *Achilles*,
leaves room for a second embassy, and (since *Achilles* himself
mentions it) one may think it would not have been unsuc-
cessful: but the Poet, by a more happy management, makes
his friend *Patroclus* the advocate of the *Greeks*, and by that
means his return becomes his own choice. This conduct ad-
mirably maintains the character of *Achilles*, who does not as-
sist the *Greeks* through his kindness to them, but from a desire
of revenge upon the *Trojans*: his present anger for the death
of his friend, blots out the former one for the injury of *Agamemnon*; and as he separated from the army in a rage, so he
joins it again in the like disposition. *Eustathius*.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
Thro' intermingled ships and tents he past; 755
The chiefs descending from their car he
found;

The panting steeds *Eurymedon* unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale 760
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
The draught prescrib'd, fair *Hecamede* prepares,
Arsinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs: 765
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of *Nestor's* wisdom, gave)
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:

†. 763, *And took their seats beneath the shady tent.*] The Poet here steals away the reader from the battle, and relieves him by the description of *Nestor's* entertainment. I hope to be pardoned for having more than once repeated this observation, which extends to several passages of *Homer*. Without this piece of conduct, the frequency and length of his battles might fatigue the reader, who could not be so long delighted with continued scenes of blood,

Honey new-press'd, the sacred flow'r of wheat, 770
 And wholsome garlick crown'd the sav'ry treat.
 Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
 A goblet sacred to the *Pylian* Kings
 From eldest times : emboss'd with studs of gold,
 Two feet support it, and four handles hold ; 775
 On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
 In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem to drink :
 A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
 When the brisk Nectar overlook'd the brim.

§. 773. *A goblet sacred to the Pylian Kings.*] There are some who can find out a mystery in the plainest things ; they can see what the author never meant, and explain him into the greatest obscurities. *Eustathius* here gives us a very extraordinary instance of this nature : the bowl by an allegory figures the *World* ; the spherical form of it represents its roundness ; the *Greek* word which signifies the *Doves*, being spelled almost like the *Pleiades*, is said to mean that constellation ; and because the Poet tells us the bowl was studded with gold, those studs must needs imply the stars.

§. 778. *Yet heav'd with ease by him.*] There has ever been a great dispute about this passage ; nor is it apparent for what reason the Poet should tell us that *Nestor*, even in his old age, could more easily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old man, as if he had learned to lift it by frequent use ; an insinuation that *Nestor* was no enemy to wine. Others with more justice to his character, have put another construction upon the words, which solves the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion, the word which is usually supposed to signify

Temper'd in this, the Nymph of form divine 780
Pours a large potion of the *Pramnian* wine ;

another man, is rendered *another old man*, meaning *Machaon*, whose wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the difficulty without any violence to the construction. But *Enstatius* tells us, the propriety of speech would require the word to be, not *ἄλλος* but *ἴσος*, when spoken but of two. But why then may it not signify any other *old man* ?

§. 781. *Pours a large potion.*] The potion which *Hecamede* here prepares for *Machaon*, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the case of a wounded person, and by some criticks held in the same degree of repute with the balsam of *Fierabras* in *Don Quixot*. But it is rightly observed by the commentators, that *Machæon* was not so dangerously hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might use at another time. *Homer* had just told us that he staid on the sea-side to refresh himself, and he now enters into a long conversation with *Nestor* ; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger : his loss of blood and spirits might make him not so much in fear of a fever, as in want of a cordial ; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this case, I cannot help fancying that *Homer* would not have failed to tell us of *Machaon's* rejecting it. Yet after all, some answer may be made even to the grand objection, that wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. *Hippocrates* allows wine in acute cases, and even without water in cases of indigestion. He says indeed in his book of ancient medicine, that the ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad qualities of wine : and yet the potion here prescribed will not be allowed by physicians to be an instance that they were so ; for wine might be proper for *Machaon* ; not only as a cordial, but as an opiate. *Asclepiades*, a physician, who flourished at *Rome* in the time of *Pompey*, prescribed wine in fevers, and even in phrensies to cause sleep. *Cælius Aurelianus*, lib. iv. c. 14.

With goat's-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,
 And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
 This for the wounded Prince the dame prepares;
 The cordial bev'rage rev'rend *Nestor* shares: 785
 Salubrious draughts the warriors thirst allay,
 And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime *Patroclus*, by *Achilles* sent,
 Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
 Old *Nestor* rising then, the hero led 790
 To his high seat; the chief refus'd, and said,
 'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
 The great *Achilles* with impatience stays,
 To great *Achilles* this respect I owe;
 Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe, 795
 Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds.
 With grief I see the great *Machaon* bleeds.
 This to report, my hasty course I bend;
 Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of *Greece* the (sage rejoin'd) 800
 Excite compassion in *Achilles'* mind?

y. 800. *Can then the sons of Greece, &c.*] It is customary with those who translate or comment on an author, to use him as they do their mistress; they can see no faults, or con-

Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know ?

This is not half the story of our woe.

vert his very faults into beauties ; but I cannot be so partial to *Homer*, as to imagine that this speech of *Nestor*'s is not greatly blameable for being too long : he crowds incident upon incident, and when he speaks of himself, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unreasonably in the present juncture. When he comes to speak of his killing the son of *Augias*, he is so pleased with himself, that he forgets the distress of the army, and cannot leave his favourite subject, till he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he assaulted him. These and many other circumstances, as they have no visible allusion to the design of the speech, seem to be unfortunately introduced. In short, I think they are not so valuable upon any other account, as because they preserve a piece of ancient history, which had otherwise been lost.

What tends yet farther to make this story seem absurd, is what *Patroclus* said at the beginning of the speech, that he had not leisure even to sit down : so that *Nestor* detains him in the tent standing, during the whole narration.

They that are of the contrary opinion observe, that there is a great deal of art in some branches of the discourse ; that when *Nestor* tells *Patroclus* how he had himself disobeyed his father's commands for the sake of his country ; he says it to make *Achilles* reflect that he disobeys his father by the contrary behaviour : that what he did himself was to retaliate a small injury, but *Achilles* by fighting may save the Grecian army. He mentions the wound of *Agamemnon* at the very beginning, with an intent to give *Achilles* a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greatest enemy has suffered by his absence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts ; and it may not be from the purpose to observe, that *Nestor* might designedly protract the speech, that *Patroclus* might himself behold the distress of the

Tell him, not great *Machaon* bleeds alone,
 Our bravest heroes in the navy groan, 805
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
 And stern *Eurypylus*, already bleed.
 But ah ! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain ?
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain : 809
 Ev'n 'till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
 And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
 Chief after Chief the raging foe destroys ;
 Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
 Now the slow course of all-impairing time 814
 Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime ;
 Oh ! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
 When this bold arm th' *Epeian* pow'rs oppress'd,

army : thus every moment he detained him, enforced his arguments by the growing misfortunes of the *Greeks*. Whether this was the intention or not, it must be allowed that the stay of *Patroclus* was very happy for the *Greeks* ; for by this means he met *Eurypylus* wounded, who confirmed him into a certainty that their affairs were desperate without *Achilles's* aid.

As for *Nestor's* second story, it is much easier to be defended ; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and is told in such a manner as to affect both *Patroclus* and *Achilles* ; the circumstances are well adapted to the person to whom they are spoken, and by repeating their father's instructions, he as it were brings them in, seconding his admonitions.

The bulls of *Elis* in glad triumph led,
 And stretch'd the great *Itymonæus* dead! 819
 Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
 And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
 Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
 As many goats, as many lowing kine:
 And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
 All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds. 825
 These, as my first essay of arms, I won;
 Old *Neleus* glory'd in his conqu'ring son.
 Thus *Elis* forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
 And shares were parted to each *Pylian* Lord.
 The state of *Pyle* was sunk to last despair, 830
 When the proud *Elians* first commenc'd the war.
 For *Neleus'* sons *Alcides'* rage had slain;
 Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
 Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,
 My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd. 835

y. 818. *The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led.*] *Elis* is the whole southern part of *Peloponnesus*, between *Achaia* and *Messenia*; it was originally divided into several districts or principalities, afterwards it was reduced to two; the one of the *Elians*, who were the same with the *Epeians*; the other of *Nestor*. This remark is necessary for the understanding what follows. In *Homer's* time the city *Elis* was not built. *Dacier*.

(That large reprisal he might justly claim,
 For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,
 When *Elis'* Monarch at the publick course
 Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)
 The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd 840
 The just partition, and due victims pay'd.
 Three days were past, when *Elis* rose to war,
 With many a courser, and with many a car;
 The sons of *Aëtor* at their army's head 844
 (Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.

γ. 838. *At the publick course detained his chariot.*] It is said that these were particular games, which *Augias* had established in his own state, and that the *Olympick* games cannot be here understood, because *Hercules* did not institute them till he had killed this King, and delivered his kingdom to *Phyleus*, whom his father *Augias* had banished. The prizes of these games of *Augias* were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods, &c. whereas the prizes of the *Olympick* games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches: besides, it is probable *Homer* knew nothing of these chaplets given at the games, nor of the triumphal crowns, nor of the garlands wore at feasts; if he had, he would somewhere or other have mentioned them. *Eustathius*.

γ. 844. *The sons of Aëtor.*] These are the same whom *Homer* calls the two *Molions*, namely, *Eurytus* and *Creatus*. *Thryoëssa*, in the lines following, is the same town which he calls *Thryon* in the catalogue.

The river *Minyas* is the same with *Anygrus*, about half way between *Pyles* and *Thryoëssa*, called *Minyas*, from the *Minyans*

High on a rock fair *Thryoëssa* stands,
Our utmost frontier on the *Pylian* lands;
Not far the streams of fam'd *Alphæus* flow;
The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents
below.

Pallas, descending in the shades of night, 850
Alarms the *Pylians* and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;
Myself the foremost; but my fire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms;
And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms. 855
My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidst our chariots: for the Goddess led.

Along fair *Arene's* delightful plain,
Soft *Minyas* rolls his waters to the main.
There, horse and foot, the *Pylian* troops unite, 860
And sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, e'er the sun advanc'd his noon-day
flame,

To great *Alphæus'* sacred source we came.

who lived on the banks of it. It appears from what the Poet says of the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between *Pylæ* and *Thryoëssa*. *Eustathius*. *Strabo*, lib. viii.

There first to *Jove* our solemn rites were paid ;
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid, 865
 A bull *Alphæus* ; and a bull was slain
 To the blue Monarch of the wat'ry main.
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
 While round the town the fierce *Epeians* stood.
 Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray, 870
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day ;
 Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear ;
 The nations meet ; there *Pylos*, *Elis* here.
 The first who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled ;
 King *Augias*' son, and spouse of *Agamede* : 875
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
 And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
 I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led ;
 Th' *Epeians* saw, they trembled, and they fled.
 The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd, 880
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field :
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train ;
 Two chiefs from each, fell breathless to the plain.
 Then *Actor*'s sons had dy'd, but *Neptune* shrouds
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. 885

O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
 Collecting spoils, and slaught'ring all along,
 Thro' wide *Buprasian* fields we forc'd the foes,
 Where o'er the vales th' *Olenian* rocks arose;
 'Till *Pallas* stopp'd us where *Alisium* flows. 890
 Ev'n there, the hindmost of their rear I slay,
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day;
 Then back to *Pyle* triumphant take my way.
 There to high *Jove* were publick thanks assign'd
 As first of Gods; to *Nestor*, of mankind. 895
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
 So prov'd my valour for my country's good.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,
 And gives to passion what to *Greece* he owes.
 How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade go?
 Her hosts shall sink, nor his the pow'r to aid?
 O friend! my memory recalls the day,
 When gath'ring aids along the *Grecian* sea,

y. 894. *There to high Jove were publick thanks assign'd
 As first of Gods; to Nestor, of mankind.]*

There is a resemblance between this passage and one in the sacred scripture, where all the congregation *blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshipped the Lord, and the King.* 1 Chron. xxix. 20.

I, and *Ulysses*, touch'd at *Pthia*'s port,
And enter'd *Peleus*' hospitable court. 905

A bull to *Jove* he flew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself, *Achilles*, and thy rev'rend fire
*Menæti*us, turn'd the fragments on the fire.

Achilles sees us, to the feast invites; 910
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.

We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for
fame.

Your ancient father's gen'rous precepts gave;
Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave." 915
*Menæti*us thus: "Tho' great *Achilles* shine
" In strength superiour, and of race divine,

§. 915. *Peleus* said only this—"My son! be brave."] The conciseness of this advice is very beautiful; *Achilles* being hasty, active and young, might not have burdened his memory with a long discourse, therefore *Peleus* comprehends all his instructions in one sentence. But *Menæti*us speaks more largely to *Patroclus*, he being more advanced in years, and mature in judgment; and we see by the manner of the expression, that he was sent with *Achilles*, not only as a companion, but as a monitor, of which *Nestor* puts him in mind, to shew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to *Achilles*, than to follow his caprice, and espouse his resentment. *Eustathius*.

" Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend ;
 " Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy
 friend."

Thus spoke your father at *Theſſalia's* court; 920
 Words now forgot, tho' now of vaſt import.
 Ah ! try the utmoſt that a friend can ſay,
 Such gentle force the fierceſt minds obey ;
 Some fav'ring God *Achilles'* heart may move ;
 Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love. 925
 If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
 If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving
 arm;

ſ. 922. *Ah ! try the utmoſt, &c.*] It may not be ungrate-
 ful to the reader to ſee at one view the aim and deſign of
Neflor's ſpeech. By putting *Patroclus* in mind of his father's
 injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for
 his country : by the mention of the ſacrifice, he reprimands
 him for a breach of thoſe engagements to which the Gods
 were witneſſes : by ſaying that the very arms of *Achilles* would
 reſtore the fortunes of *Greece*, he makes a high compliment to
 that hero, and offers a powerful inſinuation to *Patroclus* at the
 ſame time, by giving him to underſtand, that he may perſo-
 nate *Achilles*. *Euſtathius*.

ſ. 927. *If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm.*] *Neflor*
 ſays this upon account of what *Achilles* himſelf ſpoke in the
 ninth book ; and it is very much to the purpoſe, for nothing
 could ſooner move *Achilles*, than to make him think it was the
 general report in the army, that he ſhut himſelf up in his

Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may shine,
 If thou but lead the *Myrmidonian* line;
 Clad in *Achilles'* arms, if thou appear, 930
 Proud *Troy* may tremble, and desist from war;
 Press'd by fresh forces her o'er-labour'd train
 Shall seek their walls, and *Greece* respire again.

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the
 tent

Along the shore with hasty strides he went; 935
 Soon as he came, where, on the crouded strand,
 The publick mart and courts of justice stand,
 Where the tall fleet of great *Ulysses* lies,
 And altars to the guardian Gods arise;
 There sad he met the brave *Evæmon's* son, 940
 Large painful drops from all his members run;
 An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
 The fable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
 As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;
 Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his
 heart; 945

tent, for no other reason but to escape death, with which his
 mother had threatened him in discovering to him the decrees
 of the destinies. *Dacier.*

Divine compassion touch'd *Patroclus*' breast,
Who fighting, thus his bleeding friend address'd.

' Ah hapless leaders of the *Grecian* host!
Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native
shore ? 951

Say, great *Eurypylus* ! shall *Greece* yet stand ?
Resists she yet the raging *Hector*'s hand ?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame ? 955

Eurypylus replies : No more, my friend,
Greece is no more ! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ships victorious *Troy* pursues,
Her force encreasing as her toil renews.
Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the
fleet. 961

But thou, *Patroclus* ! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart ;
With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
With healing balms the raging smart allay, 965

Such as sage *Chiron*, Sire of *Pharmacy*,
 Once taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* thee.
 Of two fam'd surgeons, *Podalirius* stands
 This hour furrounded by the *Trojan* bands ;
 And great *Machaon*, wounded in his tent, 970
 Now wants that succour which so oft' he lent.

To him the chief. What then remains to do?
 Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
 Charg'd by *Achilles*' great command I fly, 974
 And bear with haste the *Pylian* King's reply :
 But thy distress this instant claims relief.
 He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.

†. 968. *Of two fam'd surgeons.*] Though *Podalirius* is mentioned first for the sake of the verse, both here and in the catalogue, *Machaon* seems to be the person of the greatest character upon many accounts ; besides, it is to him that *Homer* attributes the cure of *Philoetes*, who was lame by having let an arrow, dipt in the gall of the *Hydra* of *Lerna*, fall upon his foot ; a plain mark that *Machaon* was an abler physician than *Chiron* the centaur, who could not cure himself of such a wound. *Podalirius* had a son named *Hypolochus*, from whom the famous *Hippocrates* was descended.

†. 976. *But thy distress this instant claims relief.*] *Eustathius* remarks, that *Homer* draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem from this incident of the stay of *Patroclus* ; for while he is employed in the friendly task of taking care of *Eurypius*, he becomes an eye-witness of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the necessity of using his utmost efforts to move *Achilles*.

The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
 And hides of oxen on the floor display'd: 979
 There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky steel away.
 Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
 The wound he wash'd, the styptick juice infus'd,
 The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow, 984
 The wound to torture, and the blood to flow,





THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.



The A R G U M E N T.

The battle at the Grecian wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his Troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.



THE
* TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and *Greeks* with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

* It may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the *Iliad*: the whole design turns upon the wrath of *Achilles*: that wrath is not to be appeased but by the calamities of the *Greeks*, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in Epick, as in Tragick poetry, there ought to be some evident and necessary incident at the winding up of the catastrophe, and that should be

Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose ; 5
 With Gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe ;
 Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim ſlain,
 The walls were rais'd, the trenches funk in vain.

Without the Gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
 The proudeſt monument of mortal hands ! 10
 This ſtood, while *Hector* and *Achilles* rag'd,
 While ſacred *Troy* the warring hoſts engag'd ;
 But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
 And what ſurviv'd of *Greece* to *Greece* return'd ;
 Then *Neptune* and *Apollo* ſhook the ſhore, 15
 Then *Ida's* ſummits pour'd their wat'ry ſtore ;

founded upon ſome viſible diſtreſs. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leiſure to the wrath of *Achilles* to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where deſcribed as a perſon of a ſtubborn reſentment, and conſequently ought not to be eaſily reconciled) but alſo as it highly contributes to the honour of *Achilles*, which was to be fully ſatiſfied before he could relent.

ſ. 9. *Without the Gods, how ſhort a period, &c.*] *Homer* here teaches a truth conformable to ſacred ſcripture, and almoſt in the very words of the *Pſalmiſt* ; *Unleſs the Lord build the houſe, they labour in vain that build it.*

ſ. 15. *Then Neptune and Apollo, &c.*] This whole Epiſode of the deſtruction of the wall is ſpoken as a kind of prophecy, where *Homer* in a poetical enthuſiaſm relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectured from

Rhesus and *Rhodius* then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,

hence that our author flourished not long after the *Trojan* war; for had he lived at a greater distance, there had been no occasion to have recourse to such extraordinary means to destroy a wall, which would have been lost and worn away by time alone. *Homer* (says *Aristotle*) foresaw the question might be asked, how it came to pass that no ruins remained of so great a work? and therefore contrived to give his fiction the nearest resemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are sufficient to abolish the strongest works of man, so as not to leave the least remains where they stood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: we see *Apollo* turning the course of the rivers against the wall, *Jupiter* opening the cataracts of heaven, and *Neptune* rending the foundations with his trident: that is, the sun exhales the vapours, which descend in rain from the air or *Æther*; this rain causes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the poetry of *Homer*, like magick, first raises a stupendous object, and then immediately causes it to vanish.

What farther strengthens the opinion that *Homer* was particularly careful to avoid the objection which those of his own age might raise against the probability of this fiction, is, that the verses which contain this account of the destruction of the wall seem to be added after the first writing of the *Iliad*, by *Homer* himself. I believe the reader will incline to my opinion, if he considers the manner in which they are introduced, both here and in the seventh book, where first this wall is mentioned. There describing how it was made, he ends with this line,

Ὡς οἱ μὲν ποτόντο κατηκομένῃς Ἀχαιῶν.

After which is inserted the debate of the Gods concerning the method of its destruction, at the conclusion whereof immedi-

Æsopus, *Granicus*, with mingled force,
 And *Xanthus* foaming from his fruitful source; 20
 And gulphy *Simois*, rolling to the main
 Helmets, and shields, and god-like heroes slain :
 These turn'd by *Phæbus* from their wonted ways,
 Delug'd the rampire nine continual days ;
 The weight of waters saps the yielding wall, 25
 And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.

ately follows a verse that seems exactly to connect with the former.

Δύσσιτο δ' ἥλιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν.

In like manner in the present book, after the fourth verse,

Τάφος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τείχος ὑπερθῆν.

That which is now the thirty-sixth, seems originally to have followed.

Τείχος εὐδμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δόρατα πύργων, &c.

And all the lines between (which break the course of narration, and are introduced in a manner not usual in *Homer*) seem to have been added for the reason abovesaid. I do not insist much upon this observation, but I doubt not several will agree to it upon the review of the passages.

§. 24. *Nine continual days.*] Some of the ancients thought it incredible that a wall which was built in one day by the *Greeks*, should resist the joint efforts of three deities nine days : to solve this difficulty, *Crates the Malleſian*, was of opinion, that it should be writ, ἐν ἡμέρᾳ, *one day*. But there is no occasion to have recourse to so forced a solution; it being sufficient to observe, that nothing but such an extraordinary power could have so entirely ruined the wall, that not the least remains of it should appear; but such a one, as we have before said, *Homer* stood in need of. *Eustathius*.

Inceſſant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
 And half the ſkies deſcend in fluicy ſhow'rs,
 The God of Ocean, marching ſtern before,
 With his huge trident wounds the trembling
 ſhore, 30

Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
 And whelms the ſmoky ruin in the waves.
 Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and levell'd by the flood,
 No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;
 In their old bounds the rivers roll again, 35
 Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the Gods in later times perform;
 As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm;
 The ſtrokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs;
 War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd
 the tow'rs. 40

Smote by the arm of *Jove*, and dire diſmay,
 Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the *Grecians* lay:
Heſtor's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
 And *Heſtor's* fury ev'ry moment fear. 44
 He like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcatt'ring throng,
 Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.

So 'midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,

Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands ;

Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,

And hissing jav'lins rain an iron storm : 50

His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,

And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die :

He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,

And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.

With equal rage encompass'd *Hector* glows ; 55

Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.

The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,

But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath ;

Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,

And the turf trembles, and the skies resound. 60

Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,

Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep ;

The bottom bare, (a formidable show !)

And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.

The foot alone this strong defence could force, 65

And try the pass impervious to the horse.

This saw *Polydamas* ; who, wisely brave,

Restrain'd great *Hector*, and this counsel gave.

Oh thou ! bold leader of the *Trojan* bands,
 And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands ! 70
 What ent'rance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
 The stakes beneath, the *Grecian* walls behind ?
 No pass thro' those, without a thousand wounds,
 No space for combat in yon' narrow bounds.
 Proud of the favours mighty *Jove* has shown, 75
 On certain dangers we too rashly run :
 If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
 Oh may this *instant* end the *Grecian* name !
 Here, far from *Argos*, let their heroes fall,
 And one great day destroy, and bury all ! 80
 But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain ?
 Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd ;
 All *Troy* must perish, if their arms prevail, 85
 Nor shall a *Trojan* live to tell the tale.
 Hear then ye warriors ! and obey with speed ;
 Back from the trenches let your steeds be led ;
 Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
 Proceed on foot, and *Hector* lead the way. 90

So *Greece* shall stoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if *Jove* consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd: the god-like *Hector* sprung
Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.

The chief's example follow'd by his train, 95

Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.

By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,

Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,

And all obey their sev'ral chief's commands. 100

The best and bravest in the first conspire,

Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:

Great *Hector* glorious in the van of these,

Polydamas, and brave *Cebriones*.

Before the next the graceful *Paris* shines, 105

And bold *Alcathous*, and *Agenor* joins.

§. 99. *The forces part in five distinguish'd bands.*] The *Trojan* army is divided into five parts, perhaps because there were five gates in the wall, so that an attack might be made upon every gate at the same instant: by this means the *Greeks* would be obliged to disunite, and form themselves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the same time.

The Poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and stops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: by this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem. *Eustathius*.

The sons of *Priam* with the third appear,
Deïphobus, and *Helenus* the feer ;
 In arms with these the mighty *Asius* stood,
 Who drew from *Hyrtaeus* his noble blood, 110
 And whom *Arisba's* yellow coursers bore,
 The coursers fed on *Selle's* winding shore.
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
 And great *Æneas*, born on fount-full *Ide*.
 Divine *Sarpedon* the last band obey'd, 115
 Whom *Glaucus* and *Asteropæus* aid,
 Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
 But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields in close array,
 The moving legions speed their headlong way: 120
 Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
 And see the *Grecians* gasping at their feet.

While ev'ry *Trojan* thus, and ev'ry *Aid*,
 Th' advice of wise *Polydamas* obey'd ;
Asius alone, confiding in his car, 125
 His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.

†. 125. *Asius alone, confiding in his car.*] It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion, were not subordinate one to the other, but commanded separately,

Unhappy hero ! and advis'd in vain !

Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain ;

No more those coursers with triumphant joy

Restore their master to the gates of *Troy* ! 130

Black death attends behind the *Grecian* wall,

And great *Idomeneus* shall boast thy fall !

Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain,

The flying *Grecians* strove their ships to gain ;

Swift thro' the wall their horse and chariots past,

The gates half-open'd to receive the last. 136

Thither, exulting in his force, he flies ;

His following host with clamours rend the skies ;

To plunge the *Grecians* headlong in the main,

Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were

vain !

140

each being empowered to order his own troop, as he thought fit : for otherwise *Astus* had not been permitted to keep his chariot when the rest were on foot. One may observe from hence, that *Homer* does not attribute the same regular discipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given to his *Grecians* ; and he makes some use too of this defect, to cast the more variety over this part of the description, *Dacier*.

§. 127. *Unhappy hero ! &c.*] *Homer* observes a poetical justice in relation to *Astus* ; he punishes his folly and impiety with death, and shews the danger of despising wise counsel, and blaspheming the Gods. In pursuance of this prophecy, *Astus* is killed in the thirteenth book by *Idomeneus*.

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
 Who from the *Lapiths* warlike race descend;
 This *Polypætes*, great *Perithous'* heir,
 And that *Leonteus*, like the God of war.
 As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise; 145
 Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
 Whose spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
 Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
 High on the hills appears their stately form,
 And their deep roots for ever brave the storm. 150
 So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
 Of raging *Asius*, and his furious band.
Orestes, *Acamas* in front appear,
 And *Oenomaus* and *Thoön* close the rear;
 In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields, 155
 In vain around them beat their hollow shields;

†. 143. *This Polypætes — And that Leonteus, &c.*] These heroes are the originals of *Pandarus* and *Bitias* in *Virgil*. We see two gallant officers exhorting their soldiers to act bravely; but being deserted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the pass against the united force of the battalions of *Asius*: nor does the Poet transgress the bounds of probability in the story: the *Greeks* from above beat off some of the *Trojans* with stones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was easy to be defended. *Eustathius*.

The fearless brothers on the *Grecians* call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they saw *Troy's* fable troops impend,
And *Greece* tumultuous from her tow'rs descend, 160
Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the
war.

So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men ;
On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear, 165
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare ;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
'Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling jav'lins sung,
With sounding strokes their brazen targets
rung ; 170

Pierce was the fight, while yet the *Grecian* pow'rs
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:
To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp *Boreas* blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings; 176

Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below :

So fast the darts on either army pour,

So down the rampires roll the rocky show'r ; 180

Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,

And the deaf echo' rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantick *Asius* thus accuses heav'n :

In pow'rs immortal who shall now believe ? 185

Can those too flatter, and can *Jove* deceive ?

What man could doubt but *Troy's* victorious pow'r

Should humble *Greece*, and this her fatal hour ?

But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,

To guard the ent'rance of their common hive, 190

Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings

They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings ;

A race determin'd, that to death contend :

So fierce these *Greeks* their last retreats defend.

‡. 185. *The speech of Asius.*] This speech of *Asius* is very extravagant : he exclaims against *Jupiter* for a breach of promise, not because he had broken his word, but because he had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations. This conduct, though very blameable in *Asius*, is very natural to persons under a disappointment, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime, *Eustathius*.

Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates? 196

These empty accents, mingled with the wind;
Nor mov'd great *Jove's* unalterable mind;
To God-like *Hector* and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight. 200

Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;

Thro' the long walls the stony show'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.

The spirit of a God my breast inspire, 205

To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!

While *Greece* unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;

And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,

With unassisting arms deplor'd the day. 210

Ev'n yet the dauntless *Lapithæ* maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First *Damascus*, by *Polypætes'* steel,

Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell; 214

The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;

The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!

Next *Ormenus* and *Pylon* yield their breath.
 Nor less *Leonteus* strows the field with death;
 First thro' the belt *Hippomachus* he gor'd,
 Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword; 220
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
 The falchion struck, and fate pursu'd the stroke;
Iämenus, *Orestes*, *Menon*, bled;
 And round him rose a monument of dead.

Meantime, the bravest of the *Trojan* crew, 225
 Bold *Hector* and *Polydamas* pursue;
 Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
 And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
 These on the farther bank now stood and
 gaz'd,
 By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd: 230
 A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
 Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;
 A bleeding serpent of enormous size,

ψ. 233. *Jove's bird on sounding pinions, &c.*] *Virgil* has imitated this passage in the eleventh *Æneid*, ψ. 751.

“ Utque volans altè raptum cùm fulva draconem

“ Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hæsit;

His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round, 235
 He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the
 wound :

Mad with the smart he drops the fatal prey,
 In airy circles wings his painful way,
 Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with
 cries :

Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies. 240
 They, pale with terrour, mark its spires unroll'd,
 And *Jove's* portent with beating hearts behold.
 Then first *Polydamas* the silence broke,
 Long weigh'd the signal, and to *Hector* spoke.

- “ Saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
 “ Arrectisque horret squamis, & sibilat ore
 “ Arduus insurgens ; illa haud minus urget obunco
 “ Luctantem rostro ; simul æthera verberat alis.”

Which *Macrobius* compares with this of *Homer*, and gives the preference to the original, on account of *Virgil's* having neglected to specify the *Omen*. His *prætermissus* (quòd sinistra veniens vincentium prohibebat accessum, & accepto à serpente morsu prædam dolore dejecit ; factoque Tripudio solistimo, cum clamore dolorem testante, prætervolat) quæ animam parabolæ dabant, velut exanime in latinis versibus corpus remansit. Sat. l. v. c. 14. But methinks this criticism might have been spared, had he considered that *Virgil* had no design, or occasion to make an *Omen* of it ; but took it only as a natural image, to paint the posture of two warriors struggling with each other.

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear, 245
 For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere?
 True to those counsels which I judge the best,
 I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
 To speak his thoughts is ev'ry freeman's right,
 In peace and war, in council and in fight; 250
 And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
 But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey.
 Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
 Seek not, this day, the *Grecian* ships to gain;
 For sure to warn us *Jove* his omen sent, 255
 And thus my mind explains its clear event.
 The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
 Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,

§. 245. *The speech of Polydamas.*] The address of *Polydamas* to *Hector* in this speech is admirable: he knew that the daring spirit of that hero would not suffer him to listen to any mention of a retreat: he had already stormed the walls in imagination, and consequently the advice of *Polydamas* was sure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore softens every expression, and endeavours to flatter *Hector* into an assent; and though he is assured he gives a true interpretation of the prodigy, he seems to be diffident: but that his personated distrust may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but science, and appeals for the truth of it to the augurs of the army. *Eustathius.*

Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
 Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize ; 260
 Thus tho' we gird with fires the *Grecian* fleet,
 Tho' these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
 Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed ;
 More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
 So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise : 265
 For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then *Hector* with disdain return'd ;
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
 Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue ?
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong : 270

γ. 267. *The speech of Hector.*] This speech of *Hector's* is full of spirit : his valour is greater than the skill of *Polydamas*, and he is not to be argued into a retreat. There is something very heroick in that line,

— — His sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no Omen but his country's cause.

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being so well adapted to the character of him who speaks it, who is every where described as a great lover of his country.

It may seem at first view that *Hector* uses *Polydamas* with too much severity in the conclusion of his speech : but he will be sufficiently justified, if we consider that the interpretation of the omen given by *Polydamas* might have discouraged the army ; and this makes it necessary for him to decry the prediction, and insinuate that the advice proceeded not from his skill but his cowardice. *Eustathius*.

Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
 Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent.
 What coward counsels would thy madness move,
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
 The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod, 275
 And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,
 These shall I flight? and guide my wav'ring mind
 By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
 Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend; 280
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
 While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
 Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no Omen but his country's cause. 284
 But why should'st thou suspect the war's success?
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less:

§. 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way.*] *Eustathius* has found out four meanings in these two lines, and tells us that the words may signify East, West, North, and South. This is writ in the true spirit of a Critick, who can find out a mystery in the plainest words, and is ever learnedly obscure: for my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly expressed; I care not, says *Hector*, whether the eagle flew on the right towards the sun-rising, which was propitious, or on the left towards his setting, which was unlucky.

Tho' all our chiefs amid yon' ships expire;
 Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.
 Troy and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,
 But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave. 290
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
 Spread their cold poison thro' our soldiers breasts,
 My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall, 295
 Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
 With ardour follow where their leader flies:
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.

Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of
Ide,

And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide: 300
 He fills the *Greeks* with terrour and dismay,
 And gives great *Hector* the predestin'd day.

†. 299. *Jove breathes a whirlwind.*] It is worth our notice
 to observe how the least circumstance grows in the hand of a
 great Poet. In this battle it is to be supposed that the *Tro-*
jans had got the advantage of the wind of the *Grecians*, so
 that a cloud of dust was blown upon their army: this gave
 room for this fiction of *Homer*, which supposes that *Jove*, or
 the air, raised the dust, and drove it in the face of the *Gre-*
cians. *Eustathius*.

Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
 Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
 In vain the mounds and massy beams defend, 305
 While these they undermine, and those they rend;
 Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
 Greece on her rampart stands the fierce alarms;
 The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
 Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row; 311
 Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
 The bold *Ajaces* fly from tow'r to tow'r,
 And rouse, with flame divine, the *Grecian* pow'r.
 The gen'rous impulse ev'ry *Greek* obeys; 315
 Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.
 Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to Fame,
 And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
 Since not alike endu'd with force or art;
 Behold a day when each may act his part! 320
 A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
 To gain new glories, or augment the old.
 Urge those who stand; and those who faint, excite;
 Drown *Hector's* vaunts in loud exhortations of fight;

Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all ; 325
 Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall ;
 So *Jove* once more may drive their routed train,
 And *Troy* lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the *Grecian* pow'rs ;
 And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs. 330
 As when high *Jove* his sharp artillery forms,
 And opes his cloudy magazine of storms ;
 In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
 A snowy inundation hides the plain ;
 He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep ; 335
 Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep :
 And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
 Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore ;
 Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
 And one bright waste hides all the works of men :
 The circling seas alone absorbing all, 341
 Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
 So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
 And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus God-like *Hector*, and his troops contend
 To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend ; 346

Nor *Troy* could conquer, nor the *Greeks* would yield,
 'Till great *Sarpedon* tow'r'd amid the field;
 For mighty *Jove* inspir'd with martial flame
 His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame. 350
 In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
 Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:
 And while two pointed jav'lines arm his hands, 355
 Majestick moves along, and leads his *Lycian* bands.
 So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's
 brow

Descends a lion on the flocks below;

*. 348. 'Till great *Sarpedon*, &c.] The Poet here ushers in *Sarpedon* with abundance of pomp: he forces him upon the observation of the reader by the greatness of the description, and raises our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the sequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of *Patroclus*. *Eustathius*.

*. 357. So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow Descends a lion.] This comparison very much resembles that of the prophet *Isaiab*, ch. xxxi. v. 4. where God himself is compared to a lion: *Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: so shall the Lord of hosts come down that he may fight upon mount Sion.* *Dacier*.

So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In fullen majesty, and stern disdain : 360
 In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war ;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way ;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine *Sarpedon* glows 365
 With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
 He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
 To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall ;
 Then casting on his friend an ardent look,
 Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke. 370

Why boast we, *Glaucus* ! our extended reign,
 Where *Xanthus*' streams enrich the *Lycian* plain,

†. 371. *The speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.*] In former times Kings were looked upon as the generals of armies, who to return the honours that were done them, were obliged to expose themselves first in the battle, and be an example to their soldiers. Upon this *Sarpedon* grounds his discourse, which is full of generosity and nobleness. We are, says he, honoured like Gods ; and what can be more unjust, than not to behave ourselves like men ? he ought to be superiour in virtue, who is superiour in dignity. What strength is there, and what greatness in that thought ? It includes justice, gratitude, and magnanimity ; justice, in that he scorns to enjoy what he does not merit ; gratitude, because he would en-

BOOK XII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 293

Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd, 375
 Our feasts enhanc'd with musick's sprightly sound?
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
 Unless great acts superiour merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above. 380
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place:
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate! 386
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,

deavour to recompense his obligations to his Subjects; and magnanimity, in that he despises death, and thinks of nothing but glory. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

*. 387. *Could all our care, &c.*] There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men condemn dangers, and seek glory by brave actions. Immortality with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to glory purchased with the loss of life; but glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which at last, though perhaps late, must end. It is ordained

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. 390
 But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom ;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe ;
 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live, 395
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give !

He said ; his words the list'ning chief inspire
 With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire ;
 The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
 Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight. 400
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
 Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field ;

that all men shall die, nor can our escaping danger secure us immortality ; it can only give us a longer continuance in disgrace, and even that continuance will be but short, though the infamy everlasting. This is incontestible, and whoever weighs his actions in these scales, can never hesitate in his choice : but what is most worthy of remark, is, that *Homer* does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary person, but ascribes it the son of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius*. *Dacier*.

I ought not to neglect putting the reader in mind, that this speech of *Sarpedon* is excellently translated by Sir *John Denham*, and if I have done it with any spirit, it is partly owing to him.

BOOK XII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 295

Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And saw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* stood, 405
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.

In vain he calls ; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes thro' the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders
all the ground. 410

Then thus to *Thoös* ; — Hence with speed, (he
said)

And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our aid ;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their course, 415
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let *Telamon*, at least, our tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe. 420

Swift at the word, the Herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, thro' the martial throng ;

And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.

Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands! 425

Your aid (said *Thoös*) *Peteus*' son demands,
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:

Thither the *Lycian* Princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force. 430

But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,
At least, let *Telamon* those tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Straight to the fort great *Ajax* turn'd his
care, 435

And thus bespoke his brothers of the war.
Now valiant *Lycomedes*! exert your might,
And brave *Oileus*, prove your force in fight;
To you I trust the fortune of the field,
'Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd; 440
That done, expect me to complete the day —
Then, with his sev'nfold shield, he strode
away,

With equal steps bold *Teucer* press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong *Pandion* bore. 444

High on the walls appear'd the *Lycian* pow'rs,
Like some black tempest gath'ring round the tow'rs;
The *Greeks*, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in
the skies. 450

Fierce *Ajax* first th' advancing host invades,
And sends the brave *Epicles* to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; a-cross the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;

†. 444. *Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.*] It is remarkable that *Teucer*, who is excellent for his skill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it borne after him by *Pandion*: I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reason of its unusualness. It may be supposed that *Teucer* had changed his arms in this fight, and complied with the exigence of the battle, which was about the wall; he might judge that some other weapon might be more necessary upon this occasion, and therefore committed his bow to the care of *Pandion*. *Eustathius*.

†. 454. *A rocky fragment, &c.*] In this book both *Ajax* and *Hector* are described throwing stones of a prodigious size. But the Poet, who loves to give the preference to his countrymen, relates the action much to the advantage of *Ajax*: *Ajax*, by his natural strength, performs what *Hector* could not do without the assistance of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius*,

In modern ages not the strongest swain 455
 Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
 Hepois'd, and swung it round; then toss'd on high,
 It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
 Full on the *Lycian's* helmet thund'ring down,
 The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown. 460
 As skilful divers from some airy steep,
 Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
 So falls *Epicles*; then in groans expires,
 And murm'ring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew, 465
 From *Teucer's* hand a winged arrow flew;
 The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
 And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
 The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
 Might stop the progress of his warlike host, 470

¶. 455. *In modern ages.*] The difference which our author makes between the heroes of his poem, and the men of his age, is so great, that some have made use of it as an argument that *Homer* lived many ages after the war of *Troy*: but this argument does not seem to be of any weight; for supposing *Homer* to have writ two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and sixty years after the destruction of *Troy*, this space is long enough to make such a change as he speaks of; Peace, Luxury, or Effeminacy would do it in a much less time. *Dacier*,

Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.

Divine *Sarpedon* with regret beheld

Disabled *Glaucus* slowly quit the field;

His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows, 475

He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.

Alcmæon first was doom'd his force to feel;

Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;

Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore

The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore; 480

Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring
found,

His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,

Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;

It shakes; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield;

The rolling ruins smoke along the field. 486

†. 483. *Swift to the battlements the victor flies.*] From what *Sarpedon* here performs, we may gather that this wall of the *Greeks* was not higher than a tall man; from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is described just before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwise from this passage; and consequently the thickness of the wall was answerable to the wideness of the ditch. *Enslathius.*

A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.

At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging bow,

And *Ajax* sends his jav'lin at the foe; 490

Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,

And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;

But *Jove* was present in the dire debate,

To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.

The Prince gave back, not meditating flight, 495

But urging vengeance, and severer fight;

Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,

His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.

O where, ye *Lycians*! is the strength you boast?

Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost!

The breach lies open, but your chief in vain

Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:

Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;

The force of pow'rful union conquers all,

This just rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* crew, 305

They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew;

Unmov'd th' embody'd *Greeks* their fury dare,

And fix'd support the weight of all the war;

Nor could the *Greeks* repel the *Lycian* pow'rs,
 Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* tow'rs. 510
 As on the confines of adjoining grounds, .
 Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their
 bounds ;
 They tug, they sweat ; but neither gain, nor yield,
 One foot, one inch, of the contended field :
 Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall ; 515
 Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.
 Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
 Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,
 The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
 And the high ramparts drop with human gore. 520
 As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful
 loads,
 From side to side the trembling balance nods,

¶ 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds.*] This simile, says *Eustathius*, is wonderfully proper ; it has one circumstance that is seldom to be found in *Homer's* allusions ; it corresponds in every point with the subject it was intended to illustrate : the measures of the two neighbours represent the spears of the combatants : the confines of the field shew that they engaged hand to hand ; and the wall which divides the armies gives us a lively idea of the large stones that were fixed to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

¶ 521. *As when two scales, &c.*] This comparison is excellent on account of its justness ; for there is nothing better

(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
 With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
 'Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends 525
 Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, de-
 scends :

So stood the war, 'till *Hector's* matchless might
 With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
 Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
 And fires his host with loud repeated cries. 530
 Advance, ye *Trojans*! lend your valiant hands,
 Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!
 They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
 Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall :

represents an exact equality than a balance : but *Homer* was particularly exact, in having neither described a woman of wealth and condition, for such a one is never very exact, not valuing a small inequality; nor a slave, for such a one is ever regardless of his master's interest : but he speaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the same time just and honest; for she will neither defraud others nor be defrauded herself. She therefore takes care that the scales be exactly of the same weight.

It was an ancient tradition, (and is countenanced by the author of *Homer's* life ascribed to *Herodotus*), that the Poet drew this comparison from his own family; being himself the son of a woman who maintained herself by her own industry; he therefore to extol her honesty (a qualification very rare in poverty), gives her a place in his poem. *Eustathius*.

BOOK XII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 303

Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears 535

Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.

A pond'rous stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,

Pointed above, and rough and gross below :

Not two strong men th' enormous weight could
raise,

Such men as live in these degen'rate days. 540

Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear

The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air :

For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its load

Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.

Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came, 545

Of massy substance, and stupendous frame ;

With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,

On lofty beams of solid timber hung :

Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful
fway, 549

Drives the sharp rock ; the solid beams give way,

The folds are shatter'd ; from the crackling door

Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.

Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,

Gloomy as night ! and shakes two shining spears :

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A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came, 555
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a God, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping space,
A tide of *Trojans* flows, and fills the place; 560
The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends
the sky.



THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

